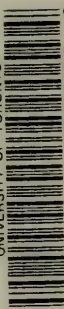


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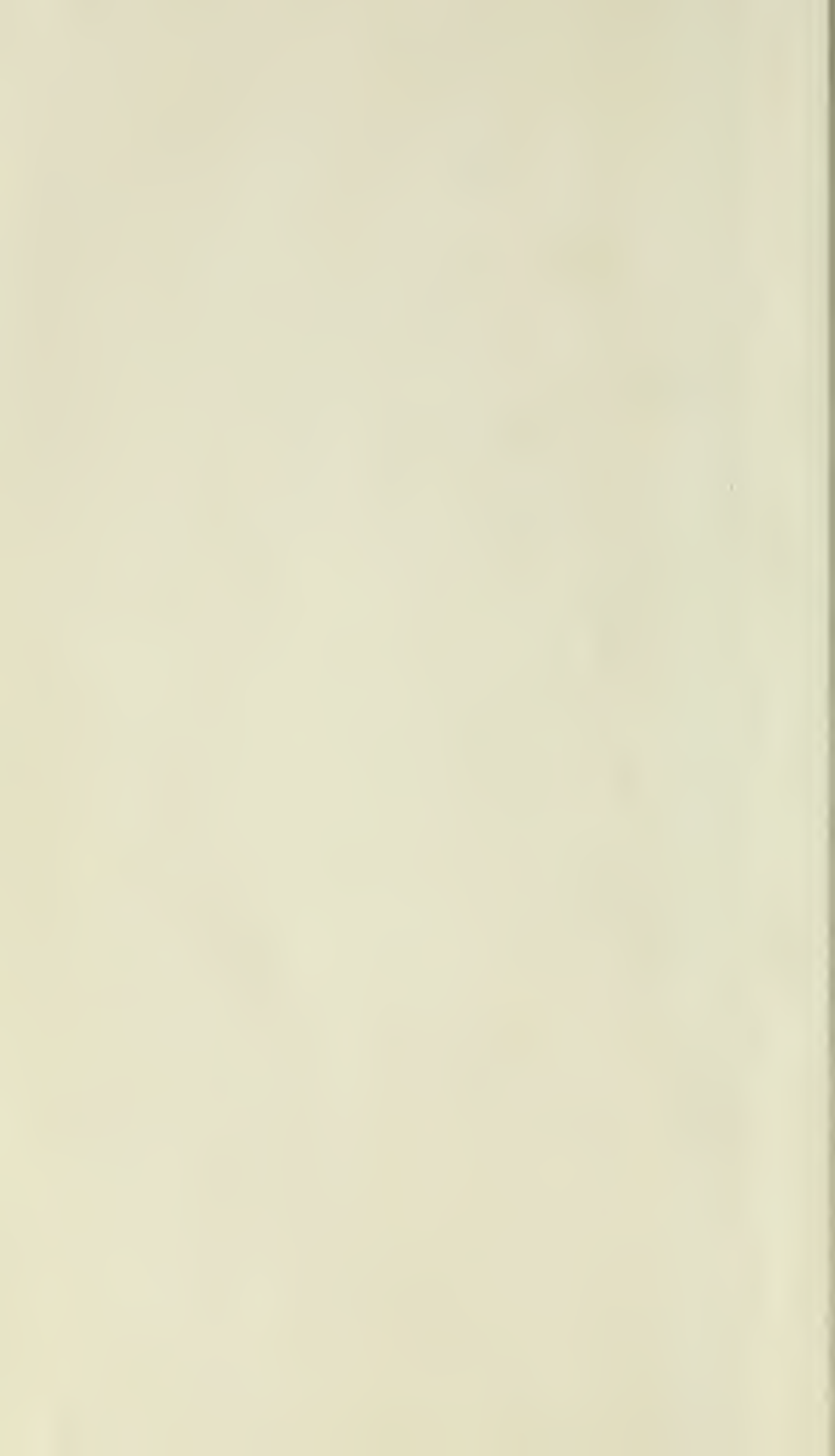




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LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

EDINBURGH, *January* 1854.

IN delivering the last Volume of the first year's issue of the LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS, the Publisher begs to express his obligation to his Subscribers for the support they have extended to him; and he trusts he can meet them at this stage, without fear of being charged with having overlooked the conditions on which he solicited and obtained their countenance to his undertaking.

Four years have elapsed since he resolved to issue this Edition of the British Poets; it was, therefore, no crude or hasty purpose which he brought under the notice of the public, but the result of much consideration and preparation. The delay in perfecting his arrangements has, he trusts, resulted in enabling him more satisfactorily to discharge the task which he has undertaken.

He has much gratification in referring to the general reception which this Series of the British Poets has met with, and he begs to assure the Subscribers that every exertion will be made to insure this Edition being distinguished by the specific features proposed, namely, "accuracy in the text, elegance of appearance, and extreme cheapness." The arrangements which now exist for collating the text, and securing accuracy in this important feature, are such as warrant the assertion that this Edition will be found to stand a favourable comparison with any hitherto published, or any that may hereafter be issued.

The Publisher and Editor have peculiar pleasure in acknowledging the ready and hearty approval of their efforts by the Press. It is seldom that any undertaking has been so warmly received, or the manner in which it has been executed so generally approved. This appreciation of their purpose will stimulate them to still greater exer-

tions in the prosecution of their design—to produce this portion of the standard literature of our country in a style more befitting the merits of the authors than any hitherto attempted, and to secure for this series that it shall be worthy of recognition as

THE LIBRARY EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

THE ISSUE FOR THE SECOND YEAR

WILL CONSIST OF

Cowper's Poetical Works, Vol. 1,	on 1st April 1854.
" " " Vol. 2,	on 1st June 1854.
" " " Vol. 3,	on 1st August 1854.
Butler's " " Vol. 1,	on 1st October 1854.
" " " Vol. 2,	on 1st December 1854.
The Poetical Works of Blair, Bruce, Logan, Beattie, and Falconer,	
1 Vol.,	1st February 1855.

These will immediately be followed by the publication of the
Poetical Works of

DRYDEN, POPE, BURNS, &c. &c.

The Volumes already Published—the Poetical Works of MILTON, 2 Vols.; THOMSON, 1 Vol.; HERBERT, 1 Vol.; GOLDSMITH, COLLINS, and T. WARTON, 1 Vol.; and YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, 1 Vol.; forming the first year's issue of six volumes—can always be obtained by new Subscribers for the Series, at 21s.

Prospectuses containing full details of the Scheme may be obtained from most Booksellers, or from the Publisher, on application. Non-Subscribers can obtain the Volumes separately at 4s. 6d. each.

Subscribers' Names received by all Booksellers for the Yearly Issue of Six Vols. for £1, 1s.

CRITICISMS.

The Publisher has pleasure in submitting the following Extracts from recent Notices which have appeared of the Volumes already issued:—

The Nonconformist.

We have now the satisfaction of saying, that this series is beyond impeachment on the score of careful accuracy, and that arrangements have been made to secure such a collation of the text of the coming volumes, as shall leave nothing open to exception or criticism. The volumes of Herbert and Young have been subjected by us to diligent examination, and we are prepared to say that they are as perfect, in a literary point of view, as they are handsome exceedingly in appearance. There has never been such a series of the Poets before—the books are quite a glory of typography, unsurpassed in that respect by the most costly works ever produced, and at a price which leaves behind the very cheapest volumes at any time offered to the public. The critical remarks are distinguished by a nice discrimination, refined feeling, and deep truth, which do full justice both to the poet and the critic.

Nottingham Journal.

We may sometimes wonder where cheapness is to end, but with these five volumes before us we have equal cause to wonder whether it will ever go farther. We are aware that many objections are sometimes raised to cheap books. But then these are of the cheap and nasty stamp—books which, however low in price they may be, are in reality dear enough. In the case of Mr Nichol's edition of the British Poets, however, we have all the cheapness in price without the generally counterbalancing disadvantages. In fact, there probably never was a work submitted to the public, combining elegance and cheapness in so remarkable a degree. Mr G. Gilfillan appears to have discharged his duty with the care and attention of an impartial editor. His prefatory observations, critical dissertations, and explanatory notes, are most interesting, and to no small extent enhance the value of the work.

Oxford Gazette.

These three volumes form the first portion of a "Library Edition of the British Poets," the editorial task being confided to Mr Gilfillan, so well known in the literary world for his valuable publications in several departments of poetry and criticism. The typography of the work is perfectly unexceptionable, being large, clear, and distinct—a quality which cannot be too much commended in these days of small thick type and miserable printing, inducing premature loss of sight to the indefatigable student who is compelled to use such productions. Indeed, we regard the publication as perfectly unique in its character, for not only is the letterpress, paper, and binding of the best possible kind, but the price is so low as to place it within the reach of every class of society. The first volume contains an admirable sketch of the poet's life; but the great feature of

the publication is a critical dissertation in the second volume on the genius and character of "the prince of English poets," and it must be admitted that Mr Gilfillan has brought to this task supereminent qualities certainly not surpassed if ever equalled by any previous commentator upon the works of Milton. . . . We cannot conclude this notice without expressing our thanks to the enterprising publisher, Mr Nichol, for the publication of these standard works in a form so admirably adapted for the library of the student, with all the accessories which modern art can supply. Six such volumes for one guinea is an event even in these days of cheapness, and with the masterly talent displayed in the editor, Mr Gilfillan, we have no doubt they will have a large sale.

Bristol Mirror.

While much has been done for prose writers, none have ventured to undertake the wide and richly spread field of English poetry—none at least have done so on a scale at all commensurate with the grandeur of the subject and the exigencies of the age. This triumph belongs to Mr Nichol of Edinburgh. From the press of this gentleman is proceeding a series of works, whose first volumes lie before us as we write, reflecting the highest credit on their spirit and enterprise, and calling for a support which, to be worthy, must be *national*. . . . The works of each author are accompanied by a critical and biographical essay from the pen of the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose enthusiastic devotion to literature, combined with his intellectual qualifications, will doubtless render him a most efficient editor of this truly great work. . . . Of the getting up of this noble edition, so far as typography, &c., is concerned, we can only say it is perfect, and renders the books marvels of cheapness even in this age of low prices. The patronage and the thanks of the country are due to this spirited undertaking, and we cordially wish the projectors the brilliant success which their enterprise so fully merits. Already the countenance of Royalty has been extended to it, and the patrons of literature have flocked to bestow their support upon so worthy an object. Indeed, it has but to be known to be successful.

Liverpool Standard.

In point of typographical beauty and correctness, it will bear a favourable comparison with most of the works at present issuing from the press: it is comprehensive in its design, that design is ably worked out, and the cost of the works is absolutely a trifle in reality, and much more trifling still when compared with the beauty and accuracy of the edition. . . . We must satisfy ourselves with expressing a general approbation of the manner in which Mr Gilfillan has discharged the important task committed to his care; the execution of which, if continued as it has been begun, will deservedly add to his reputation, while it will also confer a valuable boon on the reading portion of society. The sagacity and enterprise of the publisher in originating and so creditably carrying through this extensive undertaking are also deserving of high praise and liberal encouragement. . . . What we look on as the charms of this edition of the British Poets, are general beauty of appearance, correct typography, and a pure text.

Chelmsford Chronicle.

To a great extent it may be looked upon as a national work. It has been described, and correctly so, as "a marvel of cheapness," even in this age of cheap literature. . . . In the biographies of his authors, and the criticisms on their writings and characters, Mr Gilfillan shews the good taste and judgment of

the scholar who knows what he is saying, and feels what he writes; and of notes he gives us just what is needed and no more, without a shade of that editorial pedantry which thinks more of shewing off self than elucidating the author. The paper on which it is printed is of very superior quality; and altogether this edition, while it will supply a want long felt in many a library, is the most complete, and at the same time the cheapest, that has yet appeared.

Suffolk Chronicle.

In this age of marvels, cheap literature is one of the striking peculiarities, and in no instance that has yet come under our notice is the fact more appreciable than in the work bearing the above title. . . . It is fit for any gentleman's library, and the original matter furnished by the Rev. G. Gilfillan adds considerably to its value.

Liverpool Courier.

Whether we consider the novelty of the design, or the style of the execution, this is one of the most spirited undertakings that the literary world has lately witnessed. The intention of the publisher is to reprint, in a handsome type, and in large and uniform volumes, the whole of the British Poets of any note. . . . A uniform edition of the poets has long been wanting; and here, in addition to uniformity, we have elegance and cheapness. . . . In the editorial department, the name of Mr Gilfillan is a sufficient guarantee for every thing that poetic genius, high literary acquirements, and correct taste can supply.

Essex and West Suffolk Gazette.

We welcome with much satisfaction the appearance of this excellent edition of the works of our great poets; an edition not only remarkable for the beauty of its typography, but also for the extraordinary price at which it is given to the subscribers. . . . The name of Mr Gilfillan is a guarantee for careful and efficient editing; and we opine that Mr Nichol's edition of the British Poets will be found on the book-shelves of every one laying claim to literary taste.

Salisbury and Winchester Journal.

Mr Nichol's promise of a Library Edition of the British Poets, which should combine typographical elegance with extreme cheapness, and which should be well printed, well edited, and well bound, appeared some months since in our advertising column, and the verification of the promise is to be found in the volumes before us, which constitute half of the first yearly issue to subscribers of six volumes for one guinea. In his two galleries of "Literary Portraits," Mr Gilfillan exhibited his competency for the task which the publisher has confided to him, and the memoirs are written in a spirit of cordial admiration, worthy of the subject, and honourable to the writer. . . . It is only doing the work bare justice to say, that it is the cheapest and best of all the library editions of the British Poets which have yet issued from the press.

North British Daily Mail.

Cheapness, the great end and aim of the present day is, thanks to improved means and appliances, and free trade, developments no longer incompatible with comfort and elegance in books. If any one doubts this, we have but to ask him to look at this goodly volume; its type clear, bold, and beautiful; its paper fine in texture, strong in body, and excellent in colour; its typography faultless, and

its binding elegant, chaste, and firm—in all these material respects a perfect model. We are happy to find that it is a Scotch publisher who has had the enterprise to embark in an undertaking so extensive in its nature as this library edition of the British Poets necessarily is, upon the faith of the public appreciation of the unrivalled cheapness and excellence of his publications.

Cambridge Chronicle.

Mr Nichol has projected a Library Edition of the British Poets, under the editorship of Mr Gilfillan; and the first five volumes are on the table before us. We may say at once that they are substantial and elegant in appearance; printed in a good bold type, and on fine paper; and shew evidence in every page of exceedingly careful revision, especially in the important, but neglected, department of punctuation. We are not quite sure that we have ever seen anything superior to these publications, when we remember that the annual subscription for six handsome volumes is only one guinea: they may fairly take rank with the publications of Mr Bohn. Mr Gilfillan is performing his task in an exceedingly able manner: we have spoken of his careful revision of the text; and his short biographical sketches and critiques are written with admirable judgment, and in a style that is remarkably attractive.

Newcastle Journal.

The Library Edition of our national Poets commends itself, not only to all collectors of books, but to all ordinary readers who desire to possess the writings of our standard poetical authors in at once the best, the cheapest, and most elegant form. . . . The want of such an edition of the British Poets has long been felt, and the thanks of the public are due both to the publisher and the highly gifted editor for placing such sterling literature within the reach of all classes. The biographical and critical matter, which distinguishes this particular edition, is chaste, elegant, and instructive, in the highest degree.

Hull Advertiser.

Remarkable as this age is in the origination of cheap literature, it has given rise to no project at once so cheap and so excellent as the publication of this edition of the British Poets. For the trifling subscription of one guinea annually, Mr Nichol, of Edinburgh, proposes to supply six volumes of the British Poets, printed in a large octavo form, on beautiful paper, and in fine clear type, with the advantage of the editorship of that eloquent and remarkable man, the Rev. George Gilfillan. . . . The wonder with us is, how any circulation at such a price can remunerate the publisher. As, then, it is hardly possible for them to decrease in price, if sold second-hand, we recommend all readers to obtain them at once. By this means each volume will stand a chance of being perused in succession, before being consigned to the library shelves.

Bath Gazette.

In looking over this well printed and handsome edition, we may well exclaim, "Where will cheapness end?" for the series before us has nothing trashy about it—nothing that bears on its front the impress of "a cheap book." It is a solid, substantial, large octavo library edition, such as would grace the shelves of the most fastidious bibliographer. Added to this, each volume is introduced to the student by a "Life and Critical Dissertation," by the Rev. George Gilfillan, generally written in an able and discriminating manner, and is elucidated by notes from the same facile pen. We have not the slightest hesitation in predicting an increased demand for this popular series.

Liverpool Mercury.

It is difficult to find terms in which adequately to pay to this beautiful collective edition of the British Poets the meed of approbation. It does honour not only to its editor and publisher, but to the liberal commercial spirit and advancing refinement of the age to which it belongs. With unprecedented cheapness it combines the essential advantages, both editorial and material, of the most costly editions, namely, accuracy in the text and critical elucidation thereof, of the first order, a fine quality of paper and beauty of type, set off with ample marginal space. The biographies and critical dissertations, in the new proof they afford of the scope of the editor's power of appreciating poetic beauty, as well as of the eloquence native to him which endears the theme it discusses, add the crowning piece to his literary reputation.

Berrow's Worcester Journal.

We have frequently written in approval of the efforts of intelligent publishers to disseminate far and wide the works of our chief authors at a moderate price; but we are not aware of any scheme hitherto submitted to the public so complete in every respect as the present re-issue of the British Poets. Aided by an able editor, the publisher has commenced a series of books wonderfully cheap, yet splendidly prepared for publication. The details are unexceptionable—paper, printing, and binding, all of the highest class. The type is bold and legible, nor is there anywhere shown a disposition to save space at the expense of the purchaser's convenience. . . . Mr Gilfillan pledges himself that his first aim shall be to secure accuracy in the text of the various authors, by a careful regard to their true reading and punctuation; a pledge, which, if strictly adhered to, the literary public will most unquestionably appreciate. Without the slightest disposition to exaggerate the importance of this undertaking, we think it deserves universal patronage.

Scotsman.

In the life prefixed to the present volume, Mr Gilfillan takes a very high estimate of the powers and position of Young among the poets. The events of his life are simply detailed, and the critical remarks, like all that Mr Gilfillan writes, are vigorous in conception, and generally felicitous in phrase.

Gloucester Journal.

If lowness of price, neatness of execution, matter which has long since procured its authors an immortal and glorious celebrity, and elevated them to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, and sound and sterling ability of editorship, are the only requisites to insure success, the present work, possessing all these attributes, has already attained it. . . . The Rev. George Gilfillan, by whom this edition is edited, has earned for himself a high rank as a critic, and the biography of each poet is written in a brief and entertaining style, and with much point and talent, while the critical dissertations are remarkable for sound discrimination and deep research.

Leeds Times.

Mr Gilfillan's labours and the publisher's efforts are what concern the purchaser in a new series of standard reprints. Well, the editor—himself a man of genius and a powerful and eloquent writer—has so far completed his important task with judgment and ability. His introductory memoirs are sympathising,

manly, and discriminating—his annotations succinct and scholarly, and his explanations clear and lucid. . . . The publisher has also well done his duty—good paper, clear and large print, excellent binding—all combine to make this the most superb issue of poetical works yet attempted at so low a price. . . . We sincerely wish the enterprise the success we feel assured it must in a great measure command.

Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury.

Occasionally surprise *will* overtake the reading public, and move them to reflection anent the possibility of authors and publishers being remunerated. Some such feeling must inevitably be caused by the appearance of the elegant edition of Popular Poets and Poetry in course of production by Mr Nichol, of Edinburgh, who, assisted by the able editorship of Mr Gilfillan, has undertaken to supply a library of poetry, which, as far as we know, has no parallel for superiority combined with cheapness. . . . Mr Gilfillan is already known to the literary world as the author of "Gallery of Literary Portraits," &c. ; and his biographies of the bards whose works he has re-edited, and his explanatory notes of obsolete words or doubtful sentences, shew that he is familiar with the labours of every British poet. It is not, however, on the ground of critical accuracy in estimating the character of the poetry under review that the new edition is to be most strongly recommended, but for the cheap and elegant form in which the works of the best standard authors are reproduced.

Brighton Gazette.

These volumes form a portion of a library edition of the poets, now publishing. Great praise is due both to the editor and publisher for having presented to the public the works of the poets of England in a series of volumes, which are in themselves paragons of neatness and durability, printed in a good, bold, and legible pica type, on superior paper, with handsome bindings of dark green cloth, ornamented with an ivy-leaved pattern, rendering them appropriate occupants of any library in the kingdom. In addition to this, they are published at such a moderate charge that they cannot fail to secure numerous subscribers among those who may wish to possess the works of the best English poets, published in a style worthy of their valuable contents. Six of these volumes constitute the first yearly issue to subscribers of one guinea ; and five volumes are now before us. The poems are prefaced by interesting biographies of the authors, and essays and dissertations on their poetry by the editor, the Rev. G. Gilfillan. It is decidedly one of the best and cheapest editions of the poets which has been issued.

North Devon Journal.

This is none of your diamond editions, made to read with a microscope, to ruin young eyesight and mock aged vision. The paper is the thickest ordinarily used, it is printed in a beautiful bold type, upon a large octavo page, strong and handsomely bound in cloth boards, forming a volume which, for dignity of appearance, might stand in the library of a prince, and for cheapness is made available for the book-shelves of the mechanic.

Liverpool Albion.

We confess that, when the enterprising publisher announced his project, we had serious misgivings that the paper or ink, or some other department of the

“getting up,” would be made to “pay the piper,” being of opinion that, with the existing burdens upon the book trade, it would be impossible to issue six creditable volumes, of the size advertised, for the money. We gladly acknowledge that the result has proved the unwarrantableness of our supposition. The five books already in the hands of subscribers would do no discredit to the best-selected library; while their cheapness will enable thousands to obtain possession of “the British Poets” who lack the means of procuring a more costly, but a less valuable, because a less complete, edition. The lives of the poets, with critical dissertations and explanatory notes, by George Gilfillan, greatly enhance their value. He has performed his task as impartial editors should. His prefatory notices are written in an enlarged and liberal spirit, while they are sufficiently eloquent to give them that delightful zest inseparable from the writings of the famous Presbyterian minister.

Chester Chronicle.

We have to do with the distinguishing features of this edition, which consist of a clear, bold, large, and open type, and excellent paper; and the execution of the publisher’s design is completely in accordance with the requirements of the age. The five volumes above mentioned form part of the first issue of a new series of the British Poets, published in the form of a library edition by Nichol, of Edinburgh, under the superintendence of the well-known George Gilfillan. It is intended to publish six volumes of the series at the commencement of every year, and a payment of one guinea will entitle subscribers to the possession of the yearly issue. The lives of the authors, and the introductory and critical analyses of their merits, characteristics, and style, do great credit to the acumen and judgment of Mr Gilfillan. The essay on Milton is very striking, and we were fascinated by it.

Durham Chronicle.

An edition in demy octavo, extra cloth boards, worthy of its title, and honourable alike to publisher and editor, the typography being bold and elegant, the paper of the first quality, the text carefully revised, and the lives and critical dissertations written in the most genial spirit, and, on the whole, with an admirable discrimination and power. In the best sense of the word, this is the cheapest edition of the British poets extant—six volumes, of which five have appeared already, being procurable by an annual subscription of one guinea—in other words, at the rate of 3s. 6d. per volume, each and all deserving a place in the libraries of the rich as well as on the shelves of the less affluent, whose collections they will greatly enrich and conspicuously adorn.

Yorkshire Gazette.

The editor of the Library Edition of the British Poets has conceived a noble idea which he is carrying out with untiring energy and consummate skill. The existence of a handsome uniform series of the popular British Poets has long been a desideratum. The work has at length been undertaken by Mr Nichol, of Edinburgh, in a style and on a scale that must command public approbation. The volumes are printed on superior paper, the typographical department is everything that can be needed, and when we add that for an annual subscription of one guinea the subscriber receives six massive volumes, we are sure that no one will cavil at the expense.

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Hampshire Advertiser.

We have before us an instalment of an edition of the British Poets, at once the most appropriate in size and elegant in appearance, *combined with economy in price*, that the enterprise of a publisher has ever offered to the public. The double-columned editions in small type are useful enough for juvenile eyes, but for comfort no form of publication has ever equalled the good old demy octavo editions that used to issue from the establishments of the Longmans, Rivingtons, Cadell and Davies, and other respected firms. But then there was the price—frequently ten shillings a volume—which made Hume and Smollet, Gibbon and Robertson, Milton and Shakspeare, all too dear for the ordinary buyer. Hence, with the spread of education, came the cheap and trashy editions, and now, happily, comes a return of the old style and taste at a price within moderate means. . . . The authors are edited by the Rev. G. Gilfillan, who has prefixed memoirs and critical dissertations, written in a fair spirit of criticism, exhibiting great research, and producing much novel information. . . . We commend this real “Library Edition” to the attention of our readers, as deserving their patronage on the score of beauty and cheapness, and thank Mr Nichol for this evidence of his liberality and taste.

Reading Mercury.

This beautiful reprint of the works of the standard British Poets is one of the most acceptable boons yet presented to the literary public. . . . To the works of each poet is prefixed his life: the introductory essay upon the writings of Milton gives the fullest evidence of the great talent possessed by the reverend editor. The criticisms upon the whole of the Poets are first-rate articles, taken in a literary light, and the impartial tone in which they are described is equally creditable to the critic. . . . The spirited publisher, Mr Nichol, has taken a bold step in getting up this fine edition of the standard works, and placing it at such a figure that the very humblest compilers of a private library will not be prevented, from pecuniary difficulties, possessing this indispensable feature, a *new* edition of all the British Poets.

Evangelical Magazine.

This is an undertaking which has our thorough sanction and hearty approval. The very idea of six splendid octavo volumes for one guinea to subscribers, and one pound seven shillings to ordinary purchasers, is something truly remarkable, even in this age of cheap literature. The paper is of first quality, and the type, a beautiful pica, will render the edition readable by all who retain the power of sight, even though it should be in an imperfect degree.

This edition, too, of the poets, has been superintended with great skill and care in its passage through the press. The most correct texts have been copied from, and errors which had crept into many former editions, have been expunged from this.

But the great charm, and the chief recommendation, of Mr Nichol's edition of our standard poets, will be the critiques they contain on the poets. To the editor selected by him, all poetic spirits will turn as to one who is qualified to do justice to the work he has undertaken. Mr Gilfillan possesses, in a high degree, the acuteness of the philosophical thinker and the inspiration of genuine poetry. Gifted by nature with an original perception of all that is beautiful or grand in nature and art, his education and particular studies have fitted him for the higher departments of criticism, and especially for estimating the aspirations of true genius, in whatever departments they may indicate themselves.

Sherborne Journal.

The instant we look upon these volumes we discover that they supply a desideratum, and wonder that amid the multitude of publishers and publications we have not had till now a *Standard* edition of our best poets. Milton, and Byron, and Pope, and Cowper, have hitherto been accessible to the general reader only through small editions in scarlet and tinsel—mere catchpenny volumes, so small in type and so diminutive in size, as to render their perusal to some an impossibility, and to all a trial. We have here, however, an edition worthy both of the poets and the people; of large size, bold type, substantial paper, and enduring binding. The publisher has well fulfilled his duty. Of the editor, those who know him, or know the best articles in the *Eclectic*, which we believe is much the same thing, will require for him no note of introduction. His biographies are not a mere *réchauffé* of old histories, but heartfelt and living eulogies, such as might have been written of the great men of yesterday.

Irish Presbyterian.

The volumes are brought out in splendid style, leaving nothing to be desired as regards paper, typography, and general appearance. The great attraction of this series of the Poets will be the brilliant and elaborate dissertations from the pen of Gilfillan which accompany each volume. We must regard the publisher as very fortunate in securing his services as editor. No writer of the present day possesses superior ability in analysing and hitting-off the most salient points in the character and style of an author. In the work assigned him here, his rare gifts will find full play; and, from the specimens before us, it is manifest he has taxed his powers to the utmost.

Hogg's Instructor.

Mr James Nichol, publisher, Edinburgh, has projected a uniform edition of the British Poets, the editorial superintendence of which has been intrusted to George Gilfillan, Dundee. . . . With this specimen before us, we can speak with confidence of the enterprise; and assuredly it would be difficult to over-rate its importance. . . . Relative to the editing, we are quite of opinion that the enterprising publisher could not well have made a better arrangement. Few men are better qualified to do this varied, vast, and important work than Mr Gilfillan. His previous labours, steady literary habits, and vast acquaintance with poetic literature, fit him in a peculiar manner for the task. And it is impossible to glance over these volumes, without being convinced that he has done his work well. . . . If the editor has done his part to admiration, so also has the publisher. The volumes are exceedingly cheap, being only 3s. 6d. each to subscribers; and yet we have volumes for which we would not, but a short time ago, have grudged half-a-guinea. The paper is of first quality, the type suited to eyes of any age, and the binding substantial.

Church of Scotland Magazine and Review.

The four volumes above mentioned, form a part of a new and uniform series of the British Poets, issued at a marvellously cheap rate, and produced in a style of superior elegance by our townsman Mr Nichol, whose project, in the publication of which the works of these authors forms part, we deem to be worthy of encouragement and enlarged success, confident as we are, that the literary execution of the biographical sketches will not be out of keeping with the typographical accuracy and value of the rest of the contents. . . . Our business is rather

with the manner in which the biographer and critic of this edition has performed his task. So far as reverence for his subject goes, none can suppose that Mr Gilfillan would be deficient; and it is easy to see, that as the series has hitherto proceeded, the editing has been with him a labour of love, while the restricted limits to which his sketches have necessarily been confined, have imposed some restraint on the excursions of a rich and sometimes over-luxuriant fancy.

Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal and Literary Review.

It is with great satisfaction that we see the new edition of the British Poets progressing under the editorship of the Rev. George Gilfillan. All varieties of the public press are united in their laudatory notices. The volumes are at once substantial in their structure,—elegant in their workmanship,—and so cheap as to be at the command of almost any class of the community; and the preliminary notices by Gilfillan, with all the depth and comprehensiveness of his other compositions, are characterized throughout by a more chaste and subdued tone, than we had previously been led to expect from the well-known peculiarities of this author. If his style is not in the fashion of the venerated remains of classical antiquity, it has, however, in almost every instance, a Gothic richness and variety which suit admirably with the pervading character of most of the volumes which, as portions of this edition, have already come under his revision.

The Homilist.

This is one of the most magnificent enterprises of modern times, and has the strongest claims to the hearty support of the British public. . . . This scheme contemplates the publication of the productions of about one hundred such minds,—poet minds. In looking through the list, we find that, whilst they are all bright orbs in the firmament of British literature, there are some of stupendous magnitude and wondrous effulgence, who have cast their radiance over all lands, given a pulse and a hue to the thoughts of nations, and bid fair to burn and blaze in their thought-spheres till the heavens be no more. They are the brightest names that old Time wears in his gorgeous belt. The man who aims to bring one hundred of those minds into fresh contact with the living world is a mental benefactor. He will give a new impulse to the great wheel of the world's thought. . . . We know of no one who would compare with Mr Gilfillan in competency for the work he has undertaken. He is himself a true poet; and the poet-life, like the bow of Ulysses, can be drawn by no weaker hand. He can meet his hero at every turn, and follow him in his boldest flights. . . . For the reasons we have assigned, we feel it a duty to urge our readers to encourage this enterprise.

The Atlas.

It is one of the most hopeful literary signs of the times that publishers are not afraid of issuing a series like the present, five volumes of which are now before us. The type is large and legible, the paper stout and good, and the whole appearance not belying their title of "Library edition." By way of reprint, these are the cheapest and best specimens we have seen of the typographical art. The name of the editor is a guarantee that his department will be carefully executed.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GOLDSMITH, COLLINS, T. WARTON.

BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

GOLDSMITH, COLLINS,

AND

T. WARTON.

With Lives, Critical Dissertations, and
Explanatory Notes,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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GOLDSMITH'S
POETICAL WORKS.



THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE life of Goldsmith has of late been written by various authors of distinguished name. We do not profess, in our succeeding sketch, to add any new facts to those which have been laboriously collected by Prior and Forster, and gracefully narrated by Washington Irving. It is our purpose first to state rapidly some of the well-known incidents in his strange story, and then to analyse his character and genius.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the 25th November 1728, at Lishoy, near Elphin, county of Roscommon, Ireland. His father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was the incumbent of that parish. His character is delineated by his son in the exquisite picture of the parish priest, in "The Deserted Village"—a description where the picturesque and the tender glow at last into the sublime. He was distinguished alike by learning and simplicity, by studious habits, and by attention to his flock. His family consisted of five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Henry, to whom "The Traveller" was dedicated, made an imprudent marriage, which darkened his originally bright prospects, and forced him to retire to a curacy worth "forty pounds a year"! His brother seems to have cherished the amiable delusion that he had "retired to happiness and obscurity," and we have not Henry's *per contra*. Oliver was the second son, born after an interval of seven years. The master of the village school, to which he was sent,

was a Scotchman named Delap, a discharged quartermaster, who used to recount his military adventures to his gaping scholars, and, in the language of one of them, destined to become immortal—

“Shoulder’d his crutch, and show’d how fields were won.”

He probably, also, sat for the inimitable portrait of the village schoolmaster. At school, Oliver was remarkable for his oddities, his irregular diligence, and his variable spirits. He was sometimes the gravest, and sometimes the most uproariously mirthful boy in the school. Ere he was eight, he scribbled verses on scraps of paper, and then committed them to the flames.

“He lisp’d in numbers, for the numbers came.”

His verses amused his father’s family; and his mother especially, discerning in them the promise of future celebrity, urged her husband to give him a learned education. He was placed, accordingly, under the care of the Reverend Mr Griffin, master of the school at Elphin, where he distinguished himself as a quick and clever, if not a regularly studious boy. It was determined to send him to the university, and some kind friends—Mr Green, Mr Contorine, and others—came forward to contribute to the expense. He was first, however, placed at Athlone school, under the tuition of the Reverend Mr Campbell, where he stayed two years. On his master leaving his situation, he came under the charge of the Reverend Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, and remained with him till he went to the university. At these different seminaries he is stated to have made rapid progress, and to have conciliated and returned the affection of his masters. It was while at Edgeworthstown that he met with an adventure which became the germ of the plot in “*She Stoops to Conquer*.” He was directed by one of his waggish schoolmates to a gentleman’s house as an inn; and the scrape was productive of a number of amusing perplexities, which have since, in their imaginary form, been the laughter of the whole world.

At the age of fifteen he repaired to the University of Dublin; and, on the 11th of June 1744, was admitted a sizar of

Trinity College, under the Reverend Theaker Wilder, one of the fellows. His tutor was as overbearing and tyrannical as Goldsmith was thoughtless and irregular. Perpetual quarrels ensued, and the matter came to a climax when Wilder burst into the midst of a little party which Oliver was holding in his rooms, dispersed it, and inflicted summary castigation on his pupil. This his high spirit could not brook. He sold his books and clothes, and determined to fly from a spot which was now associated with pain and disgrace. Cork was his destination; but, characteristically, he lingered in Dublin till his money was reduced to a shilling. On this he supported himself for three days. He then sold some of his clothes, which enabled him to live a little longer; but was reduced at last to beg a handful of gray pease from a girl at a wake, and the result was, that he wrote his brother to obtain a reconciliation between him and his tutor. This was with some difficulty effected, and Oliver came back to college, and was for a short time a sadder and a wiser man. His old disposition, however, was continually breaking out, and his studies were all by fits and starts. He said himself afterwards that he made no great figure at mathematics, but could turn an ode of Horace better than any of them. He obtained one premium at a Christmas examination, which was considered rather a high honour; but his general progress was slow, and he was not admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts till 1749, two years after the usual time. He was contemporary with Burke, whose mighty genius was as yet utterly unsuspected, although he was silently employed in collecting those vast stores of knowledge which were afterwards to feed the splendid and far-seen fires of his eloquence. Whether Goldsmith was then acquainted with Burke, we are not informed; but no two more thoroughly appreciated each other in after days. Burke loved Goldsmith as he would have done a queer, careless, but interesting and gifted boy; and Goldsmith almost worshipped the transcendent intellect, the subtle genius, the princely eloquence, and the warm, kindly, fatherlike nature of Burke.

At this time good old Charles Goldsmith died, and Oliver found himself fatherless. Mr Contorine, however, did all he could to supply his place. A ludicrous story is told of this

period of his life. He was intended for the Church, and went to the Bishop of Elphin to be examined for orders, but, appearing in a *pair of scarlet breeches*, he was rejected. Conceive the poor fellow returning from the examination, half-admiring and half-cursing the flaming cause of his bad success! He had always a strong taste for flaring colours in dress—a singular contrast, by the way, to the modest and elegant graces of his style. After this disappointment he became private tutor to the family of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, but soon tired of the situation, and threw it up. He had by some means or other contrived to accumulate a little money, with which he bought a good horse, put the surplus, amounting to thirty pounds, in his pocket, and set out on an excursion—one of the most absurdly romantic since the days of Don Quixote. After a considerable time had elapsed, during which his family could get no information of his motions, he returned without a penny in his pocket; having exchanged his fine steed for a wretched pony called “Fiddleback”! His mother received him with a somewhat stern aspect. He told her his adventures, and added, with matchless *naïveté*, “And now, my dear mother, having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder you’re not happier to see me.” He had, according to his own account, engaged a passage in a ship from Cork to North America, but had wandered into the country, and lost his passage. What *was* to be done with such an eccentric personage? Some stupid friend or other proposed that he should study law (as ridiculous a proposal as it were to try to teach a hare to hunt); and his friend, Mr Contorine, obligingly supplied him with funds to support him in his journey to England, and afterwards at the Temple. He set out, accordingly, *viâ* Dublin, where he fell in with a sharper, who engaged him in play and stripped him of his money; when he returned to his mother’s house as penniless as before.

About the end of 1752 he was sent to Edinburgh as a student of medicine. Here he studied little, but played and caroused much. He made friends of L. MacLean (afterwards one of the many candidates for the honour of being “Junius”), and Dr Sleigh, who rescued him from the arrest of one Bar-

clay, a tailor, to whom he had become security for a friend's debts. Whether because he connected unpleasant reminiscences with Scotland or not, certain it is that he bore it ever afterwards a deep grudge, and took every opportunity of detracting from the character of its inhabitants, and sneering at its scenery and manners. He set out next for Leyden, with his usual eccentricity taking ship for Bourdeaux, and was nearly lost on the passage. Arrived in Holland, he attended at his leisure hours the lectures of Gaubius on chemistry, and Albinus on anatomy; but his time was chiefly occupied in frequenting the theatre and other places of amusement. His friend Dr Ellis, who saw the necessity of his leaving Holland, strongly advised him to take a tour through the Continent, and lent him money to assist him in his expedition. This he spent in purchasing some rare flower-roots, and he was obliged to start on the tour of Europe with one clean shirt, and with nothing in his pockets; for even his tulips, which cost him so dear, he left behind him!

What a pity Goldsmith has not written a full account of this remarkable tour! One is never weary of looking at the strange, thoughtless pedestrian, with his ugly, pock-pitted face, his small, ill-built, ill-dressed figure, his gay nonchalant aspect, his broad Irish accent, his light heart and lighter purse, his little knapsack slung over his back, and his flute in his hand, passing on his way from town to town, and country to country,—exchanging his kind good-morrow with the labourer and the country maiden,—entering the French village at evening, and gathering around him and his flute a little circle of laughing faces and dancing feet; approaching some monastery or college, shadowed by its ancestral woods, and using his scholarship, such as it was, as an Open Sesame to the hospitality of the inmates, who receive, argue with, entertain, and send the amiable blundering stranger on his way the next day rejoicing; meeting the grim brigand, who, at the sight of Goldsmith's wardrobe, exchanges his original purpose of plunder for a surly salutation; sleeping now in the humblest hut, and now under the open sky, consoled by the feeling that it is the Rhine which is murmuring below his pillow; musing by the Lake of Geneva, or from

some Alpine summit looking down on the fair plains of Italy, and muttering to himself some of the noble lines of "The Traveller," which is already beginning to take shape in his mind, and which is to be the glorious essence, the bright residuum, of this most singular of journeys. That Goldsmith encountered innumerable privations and mortifications in his tour is unquestionable; but he was young, his spirits were high, he was cased in true Irish carelessness; hope still rose before him, "like a fiery column, the dark side not yet turned;" the countries he traversed were the most beautiful in the world—the inhabitants were then hospitable; and we believe, in after days, when slaving for the booksellers of London, that he looked back with a sigh to the time when he was free as the breeze or the sunbeam to wander where he willed,—the world all before him, Providence watching o'er-head, and a happy heart bounding and leaping within. He is understood to have sketched "The Traveller" at Geneva, and to have sent it to his brother Henry in Ireland. At Geneva, too, he met a gentleman with whom he engaged himself as private tutor. They soon quarrelled, however, and Goldsmith found himself at Marseilles, once more on foot, and pursuing his solitary way to Italy. While in Italy he visited Verona, Florence, Venice, and Padua, where he stayed six months studying medicine, and is said to have taken a medical degree. Padua was his furthest point. Here he turned round, and, pursuing his journey homewards in the same eccentric style, he reached London in the year 1756.

He arrived there with only a few halfpence in his pocket, and, as he says himself, "without friends, recommendation, money, or impudence." He became first an usher in a school, a situation for which he was extremely ill-adapted, and the minor miseries of which he has humorously described in the "Vicar of Wakefield." He soon sickened of it, and was taken by a chemist in Fishhill, into his laboratory. About this time he met his old friend Dr Sleigh, who was as kind as ever, helped him with his purse, and gave him—what he needed quite as much—his advice. He set up, by his friend's advice, as a medical practitioner in Southwark, and afterwards at the Temple. His practice was chiefly among the poor, and

his patients consequently outnumbered his fees. To eke out his scanty means he turned author, and, as he says, "with a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, contrived to live." At this time he projected the writing of a tragedy, then considered almost a necessary first step in an author's career, and even finished some parts of it. It was submitted for correction to Richardson the novelist; but, whether from his discouragement, or some other cause, it was never completed. We do not think that Goldsmith had the nerve of mind, the depth of feeling, the concentration of purpose, or the power of imagination, necessary to the construction of a first-rate tragedy;—he could not have got beyond a clever melodrama. At this time he entertained a far more ridiculous project—that of visiting the famous Written Rocks, in the Syrian wilderness, and (without knowing a word of Arabic!) deciphering their inscriptions: but "from this long and ambitious flight into the deserts of Arabia, he settled down into the management of a classical school at Peckham." Here he acquitted himself admirably, and his employer offered him a medical appointment in India, which flattered Goldsmith's fancy with a vision of descending showers of rubies, gold, and barbaric pearl. Meantime he could not provide himself with the needful equipment for his voyage, and although he issued proposals for publishing by subscription his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," he was unable to procure the necessary means. He threw up, therefore, the appointment, and began to apply himself with greater diligence to literature, in which he was becoming rapidly popular. He wrote for the *British Magazine*, and for various other journals; he published *The Bee*; for a while he engaged himself as a regular contributor to the *Monthly Review*, then under the care of a Mr Griffiths, who gave him board, lodging, and a good salary for five hours' work a day; but Goldsmith tired of the drudgery in a few months, and dissolved the agreement. Newberry (afterwards commemorated in the "Vicar of Wakefield" as a "red-faced old gentleman, the friend of all mankind") then engaged him at a salary of a hundred pounds a year, and he spent his spare time in writing the Chinese letters ("Citizen of the

World") for the *Public Ledger*, and assisting Smollett in his care of the *British Magazine and Critical Review*.

He had hitherto been very poor, and, as late as 1759, was inhabiting a wretched room in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where he had only one chair, and was surrounded by paupers. He began now, however, to emerge from this caterpillar condition, and was soon to don his "bloom-coloured coat," and to become, if not the most beautiful or graceful, the most curious insect that ever fluttered his wings in the sunshine of public favour. In 1761 he took better lodgings in Wine-office Court, Fleet Street, where he entertained Dr Johnson, Dr Percy, and some other celebrities. About this time the famous incident occurred of Goldsmith's being arrested for debt. It was a case of distress then common among literary men, but rendered ludicrous by the circumstance of his landlady proffering *herself* as the alternative of his not paying her bill! Dr Johnson came at his call, having first forwarded a guinea. This, ere he arrived, Goldsmith had melted down into a bottle of Madeira, in which he was preparing to drown his sorrows, when the Doctor entered, instantly put the cork in the bottle, begged Goldsmith to be calm, inquired into his resources, found he had a novel in MS., glanced at it, saw its merit, went out, and sold it for sixty pounds. It is satisfactory to know that upon receiving the money and discharging the account, Goldsmith rated the landlady soundly, not merely, we presume, for her hard-hearted attempt to imprison him, but for the impudent expedient she had proposed for his deliverance! The novel was "The Vicar of Wakefield!" Johnson had obtained the sixty pounds for it with difficulty, and principally on the credit of his own name; and so doubtful was the bookseller of its success, that it was not published till "The Traveller" had established its author's reputation.

Between this incident and the publishing of his poem, nothing remarkable occurred in Goldsmith's history. He lived chiefly in Islington, revising, translating, and correcting various publications, such as an Art of Poetry, in 2 vols., a life of Beau Nash, and a collection of essays which had originally appeared in various periodicals. At length, in 1765, "The

Traveller," which had been partly composed in Switzerland, and been subjected to Johnson's critical eye, was launched amid loud applause. It was, in technical language, a "decided hit," and made him famous in circles where his name was previously unknown. Notwithstanding its success, his restless disposition continued, and he was on the very point of setting out for Aleppo, for the purpose "of collecting all the arts of life which were possessed by the oriental nations, to enrich and adorn his native country," in which case, according to Johnson, he would probably have brought back a wheel-barrow as a new discovery of the Syrians! He could not, however, get his noble friends and patrons to aid him in this ridiculous project, and was forced to remain at home.

He now took lodgings in the Temple, and his "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared. It at once became universally, as it will be for ever, popular. In summer he had a hired house on the Edgeware Road, and compiled a History of England in a series of letters, which was published without his name. In 1768 he wrote "The Good-natured Man," which, rejected by Garrick, was produced at Covent Garden by Colman. It was not very successful, although it ran nine nights, and produced five hundred pounds for the author—which sum he spent in furnishing his chambers, and in supplying the wants of a constant levée of poor countrymen who crowded around him. His charity was always as unbounded as it was often unwise. He continued his plan of compiling histories for the booksellers; and few of us have not derived our first knowledge of the principal facts in ancient history from his sketchy but agreeable Greek and Roman histories. He relieved the drudgery of this task-work by writing his delightful "Deserted Village," which forms such a pendant to "The Traveller," as (*magna componere parvis*) the "Odyssey" forms to the "Iliad." About this time, in company with the Misses Horneck, he took a trip to Paris; and we cannot but fancy him reviewing with much interest some of the scenes he had traversed as a poor wanderer a few years before. On his return he was appointed Professor of Ancient Painting in the Royal Academy—a situation to which were annexed no duties and no salary. He produced afterwards, for the booksellers,

two elegant, if rather flimsy, lives,—the one of Parnell, and the other of Bolingbroke; besides making a selection—*not* the most select—of English poetry for young ladies' boarding-schools, which raised for a time an outcry against him.

He began now a larger work than any he had previously attempted. This was his "History of Animated Nature," a daring undertaking for one who, if Johnson may be believed, "did not know a goose from a turkey, except at table!" The book was written principally at his country lodgings, and appeared in 1774. It is full of fine descriptions, blended with the most absurd fables which imposture ever retailed or gullibility ever swallowed. Goldsmith found the marvellous in old travellers. Buffon, his great rival, found it in the real facts of nature. He knew that truth is stranger than fiction; and if our readers would understand the meaning of the words of Tennyson—" *The fairy tales of science*"—let them read the French author's splendid and glowing pictures of the birds which flutter amid the branches of the American forests, like living flames, or "atoms of the rainbow;" and of the animals which glare, stalk, or wallow amid the tremendous solitudes, the prairies, mountains, jungles, and swamps of the tropical or arctic regions. They will thus, too, see the difference between the descriptions of a mere amateur and those of a scientific artist; and between a man of fine fancy, and one of powerful imagination, for we may fearlessly call Buffon—not excepting even Humboldt and Audubon—the Laureate of the living world of Nature.

In 1773, Colman, after long delay and many predictions of failure, produced "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith's friends assembled in great force to support it—Dr Johnson, taking the chair at a preliminary dinner, whence, after expending more wit than the play itself contained, they adjourned to the theatre—and succeeded, along with the really laughable incidents, and the inimitable character of Tony Lumpkin, in taking the house by storm. The comedy ran like wildfire, and produced him eight hundred pounds. This year he realised, in all, about eighteen hundred pounds; but his renewed passion for play, and his careless dissipated habits, speedily exhausted it. The same year, provoked by an attack

in a publication of Evans the bookseller, he attempted to chastise him. He was no match, however, for the sturdy Welshman; and poor Goldsmith was not only battered and bruised, but narrowly escaped a prosecution for assault.

“Retaliation” was his last production. It was written, but not printed, before its author’s death. That was now rapidly approaching. Goldsmith was not, it must be granted, a well-conducted man. He was not, perhaps, the habitual slave of any one evil habit, except that of gaming, but his life was in the last degree careless and unmethodical. He had, too, been often cheated; and had contracted debts amounting to two thousand pounds. This preyed heavily on his mind, and hurried on his dissolution. In the spring of 1774 he was seized with a nervous fever. He foolishly persisted in taking James’s powders, contrary to advice. Various eminent physicians attended him (one of whom, seeing him worse than the degree of his fever accounted for, asked if his mind was at ease—he replied, it was *not*); but their efforts were in vain; and on the 4th April, at the age of forty-five, he breathed his last. His death was a severe blow to that brilliant circle of which he had been long the love, the admiration, the wonder, and the sport. Burke shed tears at the news. Reynolds dropped his pencil, and painted no more that day. Johnson said, “Goldy was wild, sir—very wild—but he is *so NO MORE.*” He was buried privately in the Temple burying-ground, on the 9th of April. The Literary Club erected a monument to his memory, which was chiselled by Nollekens, placed beside that of Gay, the English Goldsmith—as Goldsmith was the Irish Gay—and adorned by a Latin inscription from the pen of Johnson, which, in a few sternly-sculptured and limited lines, draws a perfect portrait of his gifted friend.

A whole jest-book might be filled with anecdotes of Goldsmith, the common biographies of whom, indeed, read like jest-books. To them, for a thousand floating stories, we must refer our readers. In character, he was the strangest of compounds—at once the most amiable, the vainest, and the most envious of men. He doted on children, and hated the majority

of his brother authors. He wrote pure poetry and moral essays, and led, we fear, a loose life. He committed the most monstrous absurdities himself, and had the keenest eye for noticing and ridiculing absurdity in others. He

“ Wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.”

In company, he blundered as if he had been the incarnation of twenty Irishmen ; and yet, in all his works you cannot detect a single bull, or almost a single blemish. His private religious views were extremely unsettled ; his writings often breathe the very essence of the gospel. He was perpetually enamoured, and died single. Altogether, he drives us, in despair of any strict definition, to ask, Shall we call him, with Garrick, an “ inspired idiot ” ?—or, as the Germans said of Jean Paul, that he was the “ Only one,” shall we say, “ Thank God that there has been one Oliver Goldsmith, for there never shall be such another ! ”

We come to speak shortly of his works and his genius. We may pass by his numerous compilations with the remark, that there is none of them so hasty or so poor but it contains some trace of his fine instinctive sense and unconscious ease. He *could* not be affected or uninteresting upon any subject. A profound, powerful, or subtle thinker he was not, and his culture, of course, was exceedingly desultory and imperfect. But there lay in him a vein as exquisitely natural and true, within its limits, as any writer ever possessed. When we analyse his genius, we find it to be composed of the following elements :—a keen perception and enjoyment of the surface beauties of nature ; an intuitive knowledge of the human heart ; a power of instinct or common sense which supplies the lack of logic and learning, and is all the more powerfully displayed in his writings, that none of it was diverted to the regulation of his conduct or life ; a fine healthy tone of moral feeling ; an exquisite taste ; a mild but sincere enthusiasm ; a humour at once rich and delicate ; and a style yielding in felicity, transparency, and grace, to Addison's alone. Imagination of the highest order—of that order which constructs great epics, swelters out deep tragedies, or soars up into lofty odes—

Goldsmith did not possess, and, with all his vanity, never dreamed that he did. But he had a fine fancy, which sometimes, as in "The Traveller," and portions of "The Deserted Village," verges on the imaginative, and produces short-lived bursts of grandeur. He has pathos, too, of a very tender and touching kind. He opens up at times, as in portions of "The Citizen of the World," a vein of quiet, serious reflection, which, if never profound, is very pleasing and poetical. Best of all is a childlike simplicity, which, wherever it is found in an author, serves to cover a multitude of sins, but which, in Goldsmith, co-exists with manly sense, acute appreciation of character, and refined native genius. His literary faults are, as we have hinted, very few. He is sometimes too severe in his judgments of other writers. His ease of style occasionally degenerates into carelessness; and he often exhibits a dogmatism which his resources are not able to support—a fault incident, we suspect, to all half-taught writers.

His "Traveller" is a poem in the style of Pope—less thoroughly finished than *his* masterpieces, but warmed by a finer poetic enthusiasm, and abounding in those slight, successful touches which best exhibit the artist's hand. He takes you with him in every step of his tour; you

"Run the great circle, and are still at home."

And the moral he draws from the whole, if not strictly correct, is ideally beautiful—none the less so that the words expressing it are lines which Johnson contributed to the poem—

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find."

In his "Deserted Village" he chooses a less ambitious, but a more interesting field. Like the chased hare, he flies back to his form—his dear native village; and the poem is just a daguerreotype of Lishoy and its inhabitants—only so far coloured as memory colours all the past with its own poetic hues. The same power of delicate, minute, and rapid painting he has applied, in "Retaliation," to living men; and Plutarch, as a character-painter, is a dauber to Oliver Goldsmith;

nor has Reynolds himself, in those portraits of his in which, according to Burke, he has combined the "invention of history and the amenity of landscape," excelled these little sketches, where the artist not only draws the literal features, but gives at once the inner soul and the future history of his subjects. The characters of Garrick and Burke have never been surpassed, and have been approached only by Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics"—a poem formed upon the model (and the motive, too!) of "Retaliation."

He has written but one novel; but as we said that the world has only had one Goldsmith, so literature has only had one "Vicar of Wakefield." It is quite unique, and, perhaps more than anything else in all his writings, stamps the originality of his powers. The ease of the narrative; the genuine benevolence of heart and *bonhomie* of temper which sparkle in every page; the descriptions of nature, so unostentatiously graphic and so artlessly interposed throughout the story; the characters so new and native, and yet so familiar to all of us, including the delightful group of the vicar's family; the venerable old monogamist himself; his wife, with her gingham gown, and her hearty laugh; George, the genteel and interesting vagabond; Moses, the *alias* of the author himself, with his immortal gross of green spectacles; the two beautiful daughters, so finely discriminated from each other; the little boys, with their dear prattle; not to speak of the monosyllabic Mr Burchell, with his everlasting "Fudge!" Mr Jenkinson, with his one scrap of rusty learning, about the cosmogony of the world having puzzled philosophers in all ages; the simpering Miss Wilmot; the political butler setting up for his master; and the never-to-be-forgotten and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Miss Wilhelmina-Carolina-Amelia Skeggs; the individual incidents, especially that of the family painting and the state journey to church; the thousand quiet glances into the very depths of the human heart—have rendered the "Vicar of Wakefield," next to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Don Quixote*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, the most fascinating of all fictions. We had rather, for our parts, have been its author, than have written all Dickens's novels, one-half of Bulwer's, and one-third of Sir Walter Scott's. It is a veri-

table creation, and yet seems as old as the fields and flowers. You take it to your heart as instantly and as affectionately as you do them; and while, in common with every boy who reads it, you love and bless the kind-hearted author, you at the same time, with all critics, salute him as a "Maker"—a great original genius.

It is not necessary to characterise at length his plays, which are both fine hybrids between the comedy and the farce—the comic element predominating in "The Good-natured Man," and the farcical in "She Stoops to Conquer." They have produced more mirth than any other two plays out of Shakespeare—in the whole drama. But they have no poetry, or pretensions to poetry, in them. His "Hermit," and his other smaller pieces, are very dewdrops of loveliness and simplicity "from the womb of the morning." And it is their author's highest praise, that he carried with him the heart and the artlessness of the child, which had distinguished him amid the groves of Lishoy, into all his wanderings through the Continent; that afterwards the many fires of disappointment and neglect did not burn, nor did the many waters of dissipation drown, his childlike nature; and that, at last, he died a humble, subdued, and—would we could add!—a forgiven and accepted child. *This* is a far higher encomium than to say that he has written the most agreeable series of letters, one of the healthiest and most delicious fictions, and two of the finest smaller poems, in the literature of the world.



GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

THE TRAVELLER ;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire :
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ; 20

Or press the bashful stranger to his food, 21
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own. 30

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear !
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disclaim
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ? 40
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd ;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
 For me your tributary stores combine :
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine. 50

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd, 60
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :
 The naked Negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
 As different good, by Art or Nature given,
 To different nations, makes their blessings even. 80

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From Art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :

Yet these each other's power so strong contest, 89
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone :
 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies : 100
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ; 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows, 123
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here,
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And even in penance planning sins anew. 130
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date,
 When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state :
 At her command the palace learnt to rise ;
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
 The canvas glow'd, beyond even Nature warm ;
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ; 140
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart, and long-fallen mind,
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ; 150
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
 The sports of children satisfy the child :
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;

While low delights succeeding fast behind, 157
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ; 170
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ; 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal :
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil :
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped, 191
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200
 And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined : 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due ;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,

In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run ; 230
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250
 Alike all ages ; dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :

Honour, that praise which real merit gains, 259
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ; 270
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore : 290
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;

The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale, 293
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain. 300

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, 310
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow :
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide : 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind ;
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great :

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, 327
 I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom, ills annoy ;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ; 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway, 350
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state, 361
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun ;
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
 I only would repress them to secure ; 370
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms : 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ; 390
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;

And thus, polluting honour in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ; 400
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ; 410
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,

How small, of all that human hearts endure, 429
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's¹ iron crown, and Damien's² bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own. 438

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please :
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill ;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !

¹ 'Luke : ' a mistake ; Luke and George Zech were both engaged in a rebellion in Hungary, but it was George who was condemned to wear a crown of red hot iron.—² 'Damien' attempted to assassinate Louis XV., and was horribly tortured, and at last torn in pieces by wild horses. This last paragraph, with the exception of the two lines about Luke, &c., is Dr Johnson's composition.

How often have I bless'd the coming day, 15
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ; 20
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired—
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love ;
 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove : 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And Desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ; 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries :
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand, 49
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more : 60
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room, 70
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew ; 80
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings through this world of care, 83
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ; 110
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingled notes came soften'd from below ;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung, 117
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ; 130
 She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest, 151
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 160
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. 180
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile ;

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ; 185
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff¹ that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ; 200
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge. 210
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head should carry all he knew.

¹ 'Tall cliff:' imitated from Young, and by him from Claudian.

But past is all his fame. The very spot, 217
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay, 230
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain, 251
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, 260
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ; 270
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen, 281
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;

While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all, 285
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ; 290

But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,

In all the glaring impotence of dress :

Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,

In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;

But verging to decline, its splendours rise,

Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;

While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land

The mournful peasant leads his humble band ; 300

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,

The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?

To see profusion that he must not share ; 310

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined

To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,

Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe :

Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign, 319
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !—
 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
 She, once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn : 330
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread ! 340

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ; 350
 Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake 353
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they :
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep ! 370
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose, 380
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

387

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
 And Piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

400

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,

410

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, 421
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

 THE HERMIT.¹

- 1 " TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray.
- 2 " For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go."
- 3 " Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
 " To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.
- 4 " Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

¹ See *Vicar of Wakefield*, chapter viii.

- 5 “ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing, and repose.
- 6 “ No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn ;
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them :
- 7 “ But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.
- 8 “ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 All earth-born cares are wrong ;
 Man wants¹ but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.”
- 9 Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
- 10 Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
- 11 No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a master's care ;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

¹ ‘ Man wants,’ &c. : See Young's *Fourth Night*.

- 12 And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest :
- 13 And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest, and smiled ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguiled.
- 14 Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling fagot flies.
- 15 But nothing could a charm impart,
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.
- 16 His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care opprest :
And, " Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?
- 17 " From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?
- 18 " Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

- 19 " And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?
- 20 " And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.
- 21 " For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.
- 22 Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.
- 23 The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.
- 24 And, " Ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.
- 25 " But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

- 26 " My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.
- 27 " To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.
- 28 " Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.
- 29 " In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.
- 30 " And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love ;
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.
- 31 " The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.
- 32 " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine :
Their charms were his, but, woe to me !
Th' inconstancy was mine !

- 33 " For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ;
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.
- 34 " Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he died.
- 35 " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.
- 36 " And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I."
- 37 " Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest !
- 38 " Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.
- 39 " Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine ?

40 "No, never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true ;
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON :

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
 Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter ;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of vertû ;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ; 10
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ?
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest, in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr Burn.¹
 To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch, 20

¹ 'Mr Burn:' Lord Clare's nephew.

So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest, 21
 To paint it or eat it, just as he liked best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose :
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's ¹ H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins—oh ! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone. 30
 But, hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
 An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd ;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
 " What have we got here ?—why, this is good eating !
 Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting ?" 40
 " Why, whose should it be ?" cried I, with a founce :
 " I get these things often"—but *that* was a bounce :
 " Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

" If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
 " I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three ;
 We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there ;
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare. 50
 And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
 We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

¹ ' There's,' &c. : Howard, Coley, Hogarth, Hiff.

What say you ?—a pasty ; it shall, and it must, 53
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end :
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend !”
 Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And “nobody with me at sea but myself ;”¹ 60
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine),
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;
 “For I knew it,” he cried, “both eternally fail, 71
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale ;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty ;
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew ;
 They're both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
 Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”
 While thus he described them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came. 80

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging turcen ;
 At the sides there were spinach, and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.

¹ See the Letters between Henry, Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor. 12mo. 1769.

Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion, 85
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian.
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue ;
 And, " Madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst,
 But I've ate of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
 " The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate check,
 " I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
 " O ho !" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice : 100
 There's a pasty."—" A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
 " I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 " What the deil, mon, a pasty !" re-echoed the Scot ;
 " Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
 " We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out ;
 " We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
 While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night. 110
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her ?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker :
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste :

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ; 120
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION :

A POEM.

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
 If our landlord¹ supplies us with beef and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.
 Our Dean² shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our Burke³ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
 Our Will⁴ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour ;
 And Dick⁵ with his pepper shall heighten the savour :
 Our Cumberland's⁶ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
 And Douglas⁷ is pudding, substantial and plain : 10

¹ ' Our landlord : ' the master of St James's Coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.—

² ' Dean : ' Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.—³ ' Burke : ' Mr Edmund Burke.—⁴ ' Will : ' Mr William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.—⁵ ' Dick : ' Mr Richard Burke, Collector of Granada.—

⁶ ' Cumberland : ' Mr Richard Cumberland, author of ' The West Indian,' ' The Fashionable Lover,' ' The Brothers,' and other dramatic pieces.—⁷ Dr

Our Garrick's¹ a salad ; for in him we see 11
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge² is anchovy, and Reynolds³ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's⁴ a capon ; and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ; 20
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean,⁵ re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth ;
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt ;
 At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,⁶ whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ; 30
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend⁷ to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;

' Douglas,' Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly *Lander on Milton*, and *Bower's History of the Popes*. — ¹ ' Garrick : ' David Garrick, Esq. — ² ' Ridge : ' Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar. — ³ ' Reynolds : ' Sir Joshua Reynolds. — ⁴ ' Hickey : ' an eminent attorney. — ⁵ ' Dean : ' see page 37. — ⁶ ' Edmund : ' see page 37. — ⁷ ' Tom-
 my Townshend : ' Mr T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ; 39
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,¹ whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't :
 The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits ?—alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own. 50

Here lies honest Richard,² whose fate I must sigh at ;
 Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
 Now wraugling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 We wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again. 60

Here Cumberland³ lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants all faultless, his women divine,
 And Comedy wonders at being so fine :
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.

¹ ' William : ' see page 37.—² ' Richard : ' Mr Richard Burke ; see page 37.
 This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and one of his legs,
 at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of
 retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people. — ³ ' Cumberland : '
 see page 37.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd 69
 Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas¹ retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks ; 80
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines :
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own :
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds² shall be pious, our Kenricks³ shall lecture ;
 Macpherson⁴ write bombast, and call it a style ;
 Our Townshend⁵ make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers⁶ the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ; 90
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick,⁷ describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :

¹ 'Douglas:' see page 37. — ² 'Dodds:' the Rev. Dr Dodd. — ³ 'Kenricks:' Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakspeare.' — ⁴ 'Macpherson:' James Macpherson, Esq., lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity. — ⁵ 'Townshend:' see page 38. — ⁶ 'Lauders and Bowers:' see page 38. — ⁷ 'Garrick:' see page 38.

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart, 97
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack ;
 For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ; 110
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks,¹ ye Kellys,² and Woodfalls,³ so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Roscious'd and you were be-praised !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies : 120
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey⁴ reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :

¹ 'Kenricks : ' see page 40. — ² 'Kellys : ' Mr Hugh Kelly, author of 'False Delicacy,' 'Word to the Wise,' 'Clementina,' 'School for Wives,' &c. &c. — ³ 'Woodfalls : ' Mr W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.—

⁴ 'Hickey : ' see page 38.

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ; 127
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ;
 I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser :
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !
 Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn ye,—
 He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ; 140
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet,¹ and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr Whitefoord,² from a friend of the late Dr Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines ; and, deny it who can,
 Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave man ;
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun ;³ 150

¹ 'Trumpet : ' Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company. — ² 'Whitefoord : ' Mr Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays. — ³ 'Pun : ' Mr W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ; 151
 A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so liberal a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confined !
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content if " the table he set in a roar ; " 160
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall¹ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper wittings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes ;
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine !
 Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
*Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.*² 170

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour—I had almost said wit :
 This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
 " Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse."³

¹ ' Woodfall : ' Mr H. S. Woodfall, printer of the *Public Advertiser*.—

² ' Cross-readings, ' &c. : Mr Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under these titles in the *Public Advertiser*. — ³ ' Thou best-humour'd, ' &c. : a line copied from C. Hopkins.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION :

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Bookworm led a college life ;
 A fellowship at twenty-five,
 Made him the happiest man alive ;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
 Could any accident impair ?
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
 Our swain, arrived at thirty-six ? 10
 Oh ! had the archer ne'er come down
 To ravage in a country town,
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop :
 Oh ! had her eyes forgot to blaze,
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze !
 Oh !——But let exclamation cease ;
 Her presence banish'd all his peace ;
 So with decorum all things carried,
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married !

Need we expose to vulgar sight 21
 The raptures of the bridal night ?
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
 Or draw the curtains closed around ?
 Let it suffice, that each had charms :
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;

And though she felt his visage rough, 27
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew ;
 The second brought its transports too ;
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
 But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
 Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace :
 But still the worst remain'd behind,
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
 But dressing, patching, repartee ; 40
 And, just as humour rose or fell,
 By turns a slattern or a belle ;
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half naked at a ball or race ;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend ?
 Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing ? 50
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee :
 The squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations :
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
 While all their hours were pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known, 61
 He thinks her features coarser grown ;
 He fancies every vice she shows,
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
 And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil. 70

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 As each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promised to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless power
 Withers the beauty's transient flower,
 Lo ! the small-pox, with horrid glare
 Levell'd its terror at the fair ;
 And, rifling every youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face. 80

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright ;
 Each former art she vainly tries,
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
 To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens ;
 The squire himself was seen to yield,
 And even the captain quit the field. 90

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly flown,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack soon was dazzled to behold 95
 Her present face surpass the old ;
 With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
 Humility displaces pride ;
 For tawdry finery, is seen
 A person ever neatly clean ; 100
 No more presuming on her sway,
 She learns good-nature every day :
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.¹

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

- 1 SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual off'ring shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty?
- 2 My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver?
- 3 A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em :
 If gems or gold impart a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.

¹ This poem is translated from 'Menagiana'—a collection of French verses.

- 4 I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rosebud more in fashion ;
Such short-lived off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.
- 5 I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil :
I'll give thee—ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

(IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.)

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
As rational the human mind :
Reason, they say, belongs to man ;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum ;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature ;
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;

And that brute beasts are far before 'em, 17
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute,
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
 No politics disturb their mind ;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go,
 To treat as dearest friend a foe ;
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ; 30
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.¹
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Paternoster Row ;
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
 No single brute his fellow leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay. 40
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape ;
 Like man, he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion ;
 But both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
 Upon the minister of state :

¹ ' Bob : ' Sir R. Walpole.

View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors :
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
 Thus at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike—for all ape all.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND
 BY LIGHTNING.

(IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.)

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A NEW SIMILE.

(IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.)

LONG had I sought in vain to find
 A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
 The modern scribbling kind, who write,
 In Wit, and Sense; and Nature's spite :

Till reading, I forget what day on, 5
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
 I think I met with something there,
 To suit my purpose to a hair.

But let us not proceed too furious :
 First please to turn to god Mercurius : 10
 You'll find him pictured at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth :
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
 And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather ?

Why, these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light ; 20
 Such as to modern bards decreed.

A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air :
 And here my simile unites,
 For, in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head. 30

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand ;
 By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
 And highly famed for several uses.
 To wit, most wondrously endued,
 No poppy-water half so good ;
 For, let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,

Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore :
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

39

Now to apply, begin we then :
 His wand's a modern author's pen ;
 The serpents round about it twined,
 Denote him of the reptile kind ;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.
 This difference only : as the god
 Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns¹ himself.

50

And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover, Mercury had a failing :
 Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing ;
 In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he.
 But even this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards ! why, what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

60

¹ ' Damns,' &c. : imitated by Byron in his lines on Rogers.

AN ELEGY¹ ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG.

- 1 Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.
- 2 In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.
- 3 A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.
- 4 And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
- 5 This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

¹ ' An Elegy : ' see ' Vicar of Wakefield, ' chap. xvii.

- 6 Around from all the neighbouring streets
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.
- 7 The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.
- 8 But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied ;
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.
-

SONG,¹

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF
 " SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

- 1 AH me ! when shall I marry me ?
 Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me ;
 He, fond youth, that could carry me,
 Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
- 2 But I will rally and combat the ruiner :
 Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.
 She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
 Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

¹ ' Song : ' preserved by Boswell.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

- 1 AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.
- 2 O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing we pay, and think even conquest dear ;
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
 While thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.
- 3 Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes ;
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.
-

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

- 1 WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?
- 2 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is, to die.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROT was desired by two witty peers,
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
 "An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
 Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

DESCRIPTION ¹ OF AN AUTHOR'S
BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane ;
 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
 A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
 That dimly show'd the state in which he lay ;
 The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread
 The royal game of goose was there in view,
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;
 The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
 And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face

¹ 'Description : ' see 'Citizen of the World,' Letter xxix.

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board ;
 A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

EPITAPH ON DR PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way !
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.¹

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack :
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

¹ ' Edward Purdon : ' educated at Trinity College, Dublin ; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's ' *Henriade*. '

SONG,

FROM THE ORATORIO OF "THE CAPTIVITY."

- 1 THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.
- 2 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.
-

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
 MRS MARY BLAIZE.¹

- 1 Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.
- 2 The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind :
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

¹ 'Mrs Mary Blaize : ' a well-known character of the time, whose profession will appear from the verses—which are imitated from 'Menagiana.'

- 3 She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning ;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.
- 4 At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.
- 5 Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.
- 6 But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all :
The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.
- 7 Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.
-

A SONNET.

- 1 WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to every gay delight ;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

- 2 Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
 Had Myra follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.
-

SONG.

- 1 O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain !
 99
- 2 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.
 99
-

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS, A ROMAN
 KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

(PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS).

WHAT ! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age !
 Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here ?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside ;

Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear, 7
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear ;
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more.
 For, ah ! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine :
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
 Here then at once I welcome every shame,
 And cancel at three-score a life of fame ;
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 " The old buffoon " will fit my name as well ;
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends. 20

PROLOGUE TO "ZOBEIDE,"

A TRAGEDY WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADDOCK.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
 The distant climates, and the savage shore ;
 When wise astronomers to India steer,
 And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;
 While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
 Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
 Our bard into the general spirit enters,
 And fits his little frigate for adventures.
 With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
 He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading : 10
 Yet, ere he lands, has order'd me before,
 To make an observation on the shore.

Where are we driven ? our reckoning sure is lost ! 13

This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord, what a sultry climate am I under !

Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder :

[*Upper Gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—

[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size, and billing turtles in 'em—

[*Balconies.*

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—

[*Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground : 20

[*Tasting them.*

Th' inhabitants are cannibals, I fear :

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !

Oh, there the people are—best keep my distance :

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance ;

Our ship's well stored—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure ; lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.—

30

What, no reply to promises so ample ?

—I'd best step back, and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR LEE LEWES, IN THE CHARACTER OF
HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD ! prompter, hold ! a word before your nonsense ;
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said, 3
 My heels eclipsed the honours of my head ;
 That I found humour in a piebald vest,
 Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his mask.*

Whence and what art thou, visionary birth ?
 Nature disowns, and Reason scorns, thy mirth ;
 In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps. 10

How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued !
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses ;
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;
 Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
 And from above the dangling deities.

And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew ?
 May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do !
 No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage :

Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage. 20

Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns !
 The maddening monarch revels in my veins.

Oh for a Richard's voice to catch the theme :

“ Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !—soft—
 'twas but a dream.”

Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating :

If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,

Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,

And cavill'd at his image in the flood. 30

“ The deuce confound,” he cries, “ these drumstick shanks !

They neither have my gratitude nor thanks ;

They're perfectly disgraceful, strike me dead !

But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.

How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow! 35
 My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now."
 Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
 Near and more near the hounds and huntsmen drew.
 Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind;
 He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind: 40
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
 At length his silly head, so prized before,
 Is taught his former folly to deplore;
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
 And at one bound he saves himself, like me,
 [*Taking a jump through the stage-door.*]

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF "THE SISTERS."¹

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
 Our authoress, sure, has wanted an adviser.
 Had she consulted me, she should have made
 Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
 Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
 Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
 My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
 Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of thinking.
 Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
 What if I give a masquerade?—I will. 10
 But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue
 The world's a masquerade; the masquers, you, you, you.
 [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery*]

¹ 'The Sisters:' by Charlotte Lennox.

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses! 13
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
 Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots, in party-colour'd suits, that ride 'em.
 There Hebes turn'd of fifty try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen. 20
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman:
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is, to seem everything but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his visor from the lion;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, Dam'me! who's afraid? 30
[*Mimicking.*

Strip but his visor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
 Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
 And seems to every gazer all in white,
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black! 40
 Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
 Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too;
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE

TO "THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure,
 To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure ;
 Thus on the stage, our play-wrights still depend,
 For Epilogues and Prologues, on some friend,
 Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
 And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
 Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
 And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
 " An Epilogue, things can't go on without it ; 10
 It could not fail, would you but set about it."
 " Young man," cries one (a bard laid up in clover),
 " Alas ! young man, my writing days are over ;
 Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
 Your brother doctor there, perhaps may try."—
 " What, I, dear sir ?" the doctor interposes ;
 " What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses !
 No, no ; I've other contests to maintain ;
 To-night I head our troops at Warwick Lane.
 Go, ask your manager."—" Who, me ? your pardon ;
 Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden." 20
 Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
 Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
 As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
 At the pit-door stands elbowing away,
 While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
 He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug ;
 His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
 Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :

He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grimace ; 29
 But not a soul will budge to give him place.
 Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform,
 To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm ;
 Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
 And be each critic the Good-natured Man.

EPILOGUE

TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer, with success,
 And gain'd a husband without aid from dress ;
 Still as a barmaid, I could wish it too,
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you :
 And, let me say, for all your resolution,
 That pretty barmaids have done execution.
 Our life is all a play, composed to please,
 "We have our exits and our entrances."
 The First Act shows the simple country maid,
 Harmless and young, of everything afraid ; 10
 Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
 Her Second Act displays a livelier scene,—
 Th' unblushing barmaid of a country inn,
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
 Next, the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
 On squires and cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—

And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete, 21
 Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
 The Fourth Act shows her wedded to the squire,
 And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
 Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro*,
 And quits her Nancy Dawson for *Che Faro* ;
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside :
 Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill, 30
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
 Such, through our lives, th' eventful history—
 The Fifth and Last Act still remains for me.
 'The barmaid now for your protection prays,
 Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS BULKLEY.

THERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,
 A treasury for lost and missing things :
 Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
 And they who lose their senses, there may find them
 But where's this place, this storehouse of the age ?
 The Moon, says he :—but I affirm, the Stage :
 At least in many things, I think I see
 His lunar and our mimic world agree.
 Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
 We scarce exhibit till the Sun goes down. 10
 Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
 And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

But in this parallel my best pretence is, 13
 That mortals visit both to find their senses.
 To this strange spot, rakes, macaronics, cits,
 Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
 The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
 Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
 Hither th' affected city dame advancing,
 Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing, 20
 Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
 Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
 The gamester too, whose wit's all high or low,
 Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
 Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
 Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
 The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stored,
 As “Dam’me, sir,” and, “Sir, I wear a sword ;”
 Here lesson’d for a while, and hence retreating,
 Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating. 30
 Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
 But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
 Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
 Our author’s the least likely to grow wiser ;
 Has he not seen how you your favour place
 On sentimental queens and lords in lace ?
 Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
 How can the piece expect or hope for quarter ?
 No high-life scenes, no sentiment—the creature
 Still stoops among the low to copy nature. 40
 Yes, he’s far gone ;—and yet some pity fix,
 The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.¹

¹ This Epilogue was given in MS. by Dr Goldsmith to Dr Percy (afterwards Bishop of Dromore) ; but for what comedy it was intended is not remembered.



COLLINS'
POETICAL WORKS.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

GENIUS is not only a mystery in itself, but equally mysterious in the manner in which it distributes its favours and scatters its fire. Truly may it be compared to that "wind which bloweth where it listeth." Now it rests on the coroneted brow of a peer; and now it finds its votary at the plough. Now its wisdom dwells with prudence in the counting-house or the bank; and now it serves to gild, without glorifying, the excesses and the haunts of vulgar debauchery and riot. Now it stands with a holy Herbert in the pulpit; and now recoils from men, and mouths high heaven, with a Byron plunging into his "Wilderness of Sin." Now it sits serene in the blind eyes of a Milton, alone in his obscure chamber, and meditating times to come; and now it pines away in the dull madness of a Collins, or serves to exasperate his misery, as, in a wilder mood, he runs, howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral. Verily it is a fearful gift; and if all men may say, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," men of genius may say it with a far deeper emphasis, and often with a more melancholy meaning.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born in Chichester, the 25th of December 1720. His father was a vender of hats—a man of pompous manners, who more than once occupied the office of mayor, but who died in embarrassed circumstances. His father originally intended William for the Church, and in

the year 1733 he was admitted a scholar in Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr Burton. Of his proficiency there, we are told that his English exercises were better than his Latin; and that (according to Dr Warton, when about the age of seventeen, after reading the part of Salmon's *Modern History* describing Persia), he wrote his "Persian Eclogues," although he did not publish them till he was a student in Magdalen College. Collins' uncle, by the mother's side, was a Colonel Martyn, who had a great friendship for the family, and, after his father's death, did them, and particularly William, essential service. About the year 1740, he stood first on a list of scholars to be received in succession at New College, Oxford; but, unfortunately, there was no vacancy. This Dr Johnson calls the first misfortune of his life. He became, however, a commoner of Queen's College, where he was distinguished both for his genius and his indolence. In July 1741, he was elected a demi of Magdalen. While there, he was noted for his neglect of the ordinary rules and regulations of the university, and made no secret of his contempt for the dulness of a college life. Perhaps, like Dr Johnson, he might not unfrequently have been seen surrounded by his junior students, entertaining them with wit, and stimulating them to rebellion against their teachers, when he was not, like poor Shelley afterwards, dreaming below the aisles, or wandering along the banks of the Isis.

"The enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever."

While at Magdalen, in January 1742, he published his "Oriental Eclogues." Although he used afterwards to speak contemptuously of them, as destitute of true orientalism, and called them his *Irish Eclogues*, they seem to have been rather popular at the time. They were his first publication, with the exception of a short copy of verses which had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to a Miss Amelia C——r, weeping, and the subject of which seems now a sad augury of its author's fate. In December 1743 he published his lines to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his edition of Shakspeare's Works.

He continued at the university long enough to obtain

his Bachelor's degree, but suddenly resigned his demiship, and in the year 1744 went to London, tired of the restraints of a college. He had acquired a taste for pleasure and dissipation. Perhaps, also, he wished to add to his means (which were chiefly furnished by Colonel Martyn, and were doled out with an economy he did not relish) the proceeds of literary labour. At all events, when about the age of twenty-four, he came to London, as Johnson has it,—“a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket.” Whatever little money he might have brought to town with him, was soon squandered; and his uncle's agent, Mr Payne, a cousin of his own, who had the charge from Colonel Martyn of supplying him with cash, soon began to tire of his demands, especially when the needy poet appeared on one occasion—although in the capacity of a beggar—gaily dressed, and “with a feather in his hat.” He was forced, by the withdrawal of this resource, to betake himself to his wits. He issued proposals for a *History of the Revival of Learning*, and even got the first subscription-money from many of his particular friends. The work never appeared. Dr Johnson even doubts if a sentence of it was written; but a better informed authority assures us that the “work was begun, but soon stood still.” He planned several tragedies. To become a dramatic author, he was impelled, not merely by the pressure of poverty, nor so much by the bent of his genius, which was decidedly rather lyrical and imaginative than dramatic, as by the course of his studies, which had led him to a very extensive and minute knowledge of our old English plays—his favourites being Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Many other projects crossed his mind; “but”—as Johnson well says—“a man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation or remote inquiries.” To this rule, indeed, in the earlier part of his career, Johnson himself was, to some degree, an exception; but then he had a vast deal more resolution, and energy of mind and character, than poor Collins. *He* rather resembled Coleridge, who spent all his lifelong in elaborating gigantic prospectuses to works which were never written, and piling up portals to

palaces which were never built. Indeed, the irresolution of the two was so similar in its effects, that we are tempted to wonder whether the cause were not in both the same,—whether Collins, as well as Coleridge, had not been enervated by *opium*. At any rate, like him, instead of working in the studies of London, he only dreamed along its streets. He “was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elsyian gardens.” While men saw him gazing, with lack-lustre eye, at the streets, parks, river, and St Paul’s, his mind was, in reality, straying through cities where all the inhabitants were magically stiffened into stone; chasing ghouls through the halls of Eblis, projecting variations in Aladdin’s palace, swimming the Euphrates, or looking down, with Mirza, from the high hills of Bagdad, upon the vast tide rolling on toward the cloud-girt ocean of Eternity. He was a dreamer in a city—and the dreams of the desert are not so deep or so wonderful as those which insulate the imaginative in the centre of crushing crowds.

But, alas! it is not dreams, however gorgeous and poetical, that can either support the body, or give permanent satisfaction to the soul. Collins soon found that dreaming was a vague, a poor, and a very miserable business; that, in the strong line of Byron,

“Of such materials wretched men are made;”

and that, although it be pleasant to dream on the street, it is not so pleasant to dream in a spunging-house. He published, indeed, in 1746, his immortal Odes, which Millar, a well-known bookseller in the Strand, had purchased for a considerable sum, and which he used every means in his power to introduce to the public; but the little volume fell still-born from the press; and the unfortunate author, in proud humility, and indignant despair, burnt the unsold copies with his own hands.

The blaze which thus consumed the "Ode to Evening," the "Ode to Liberty," and the "Ode to the Passions," seems to us as significant as it was strange and melancholy; and we are tempted to pause beside it for a moment. It casts a light upon many things. We see, by its glare, the "keen eyes" and "brown complexion" of the poet suffused with pale and silent rage, and that "frown of intense and habitual thought" which sate upon his brow, darkened into a deeper shade as his hot and tremulous hands are hastily dropping into the fire the memorials of early genius and baffled ambition; a proud tear standing in his eye, and a proud sigh escaping his lips, as he says, "If they are only worthy of the reception they have met with, they shall not, at least, live to disgrace my memory!" It casts a light, too, upon the wretched taste and criticism of that age, called sometimes the Augustan age of our literature, which, while eight years before welcoming the last dregs and rinsings of Pope's mind (the Satire entitled 1738), passed by in silent scorn Odes only inferior to the divine Lyrics of Milton. Even Gray, while allowing them some merit, predicted that they would not last for "some years." It shews us, as if in the background, a great pile of poetic print, scarcely less valuable, for which the flames had been a merciful fate, compared with the cold neglect with which they are, or were at first, received,—Keats' "Endymion," Aird's "Othuriel" and other poems, Croly's "Angel of the World," Horne's "Orion," and a hundred more, whose praises shall be sung, and glowing, glorious words quoted in all coming ages. And it teaches us, in general, the lesson, that original genius comes into the world an orphan; continues in it a stranger, a pilgrim, and a wonder unto many; and seldom, till the death of its possessor, sublimates into the character of a hero and a god. Truly says Hazlitt, "the Temple of Fame stands upon the grave. Genius is the heir of Fame, but the hard condition on which the bright reversion must be earned, is the loss of life."

While thus half-starving upon town, Collins, who was of a social and warm-hearted temperament, did not fail in conciliating the regards of a number of friends. We hear of only one love-attachment. It was to a young lady who was born

the day before him, and who did not reciprocate the feeling, which led him to say that he had come into the world a day after the *fair*—a very pardonable pun. But his circle of male acquaintances was rather large, and included such distinguished names as Thomson, the two Wartons, and Dr Johnson. On Thomson's death he wrote a very plaintive and well-known elegy. Joseph Warton and he were intimate,—went to races together, and even projected a joint volume of Odes. Thomas Warton records that he often saw Collins in London in 1750. He was then projecting a Review to be called the *Clarendon Review*, and printed at the university press, under the conduct and authority of the university, which, like all his schemes, came to nothing. Dr Johnson had made his acquaintance a little earlier, and has left repeated testimonies of the surly tenderness and semi-admiration with which he regarded him. "His appearance," he says, "was *decent* and *manly*." We know an eminent poet, whose own genius, in its lofty imaginative qualities, bears some resemblance to that of Collins, who tells us that he cannot read these words without tears. They serve, we presume, to bring before his view the poor neglected bard; already feeling, that the Damocles sword of the disease which ultimately destroyed him was suspended over his head, and yet maintaining the dignity of his self-respect, and attentive to the care of the casket in which he felt—although the world did not—that so inestimable a jewel was enshrined.

One day Johnson visited him. He found him immured in his lodgings by a bailiff, who was prowling for him on the streets. Recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, which he engaged to write, with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. This translation he began, and even made considerable progress with it; but as soon as his uncle's death secured his independence it was dropped, and the money was repaid. About this time he visited Colonel Martyn in Flanders, who died while he was there, and left him and his two sisters his fortune—Collins' share in which was £2000.

Johnson unquestionably could have told us more about

Collins, but his constitutional indolence, and the haste with which he wrote his "Lives," prevented him. He had evidently, too, no premonition of the fame the Poet's name was to acquire; hence his sketch is exceedingly meagre. Nor have others since supplied the deficiency. They have told us a number of facts and incidents, but they have left the chronology in utter confusion. We are told that he used to frequent the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee-houses, and the theatre; that he was often in the society of Drs Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill; of Messrs Quin, Foote, and Garrick; and that he lived with and upon his friends till his uncle's death. His health began to break down shortly after that event, which took place about the year 1751. His disease appears to have been at the commencement simple melancholia, attended by great bodily weakness; and he seems then first to have applied habitually to the fatal relief of the bottle. This, of course, increased the evil it professed to cure, and he determined on a foreign tour. He went, in what year we know not, to France; but his spirits became rather worse than better. He took up lodgings on his return, in Islington, while waiting for his sister. There Johnson visited him, and found no disorder apparent in his mind; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with but one book. His friend, curious to know what book was the chosen companion of a man of letters, asked a sight of it. It was an English Testament, such as children carry to school. "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

His melancholia at times deepened into phrenesis, and he was for a short time in an hospital for lunatics in Chelsea. A person, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who signs himself V, tells an affecting story of having seen him struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the asylum. In general, however, according to Johnson, his disease was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness,—a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. The fine ethereal spark which was in him would in conversation revive, and for a season "shoot upward like a pyramid of fire;" but it soon fell down again, and left him miserably weak and exhausted. We find him

in Oxford in 1754, where he stayed a month, and where Thomas Warton often saw him, but found him so feeble and low as not to be able to bear conversation. For several years he resided with his sister in the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral. The place was not particularly well chosen for a melancholy man, and his sister (afterwards married to a Dr Durnford) does not seem to have been the amiable, gentle, forbearing, and intelligent person, fitted to be the companion of a man of genius placed in such distressing circumstances. Sometimes he was very quiet and manageable; at other times he raved, moaned, and ran howling about the aisles like a houseless dog. Nothing so soothed him as the reading of the Bible by a servant, who read, indeed, miserably ill, and compelled him to be constantly correcting her mistakes; but probably the very effort required in this served to brace and strengthen his mind for the time.

In Chichester Joseph and Thomas Warton paid him a final visit. The arrival of these old friends and congenial spirits roused him. His apathy was moved; his melancholy lifted heavily from off his head her black wings, and left him for a day. He was himself again, as he read aloud from MS. his noble "Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland," which is preserved in his works, and another lyric, unfortunately lost, called the "Bell of Arragon" (founded on a tradition, that before the death of a king of Spain, the great bell of Saragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously), beginning thus:

"The Bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day,"

and closing with a mournful transition to his own death, and the "simpler bell" which was to ring the knell of his funeral. It must have been a day of profound interest—a day redolent of "the joy of grief." But the excitement was too much for the feeble nerves of the Poet, and the next morning he could not be seen,—plunged, doubtless, in the dark gulf the deeper that he had for a little emerged from it, and stood on the sunny summit. Alas for the poetic temperament!—that electric wire stretching between heaven and hell,—familiar with all heights and with all depths—with all ecstasies and with

all agonies ; but ignorant of the intermediate plains of peace—of calm, sober, solid enjoyment — of “ deep self-possession and intense repose ! ”

Johnson never saw Collins from the day he left him at Islington ; but he continued warmly to sympathise with him. To Joseph Warton he wrote letter after letter regarding him. In one of them he says : “ But how little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments, when we consider the case of poor Collins ! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects—versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. Poor dear Collins ! I have often been near his state, and have it, therefore, in great commiseration.”

At last, in 1759 (not 1756, as Johnson and Langhorne have it), this gifted, accomplished, but unfortunate being passed from out the cloud, and entered, we trust, the regions of a milder and holier day. He died on the 12th June, and was buried on the 15th, in St Andrew’s Church, Chichester. In the Cathedral, an elegant monument, from the hand of Flaxman, was erected by public subscription, and represents him, in a lucid interval, musing over the open page of the New Testament, while his Lyre and one of his Odes lie neglected on the ground.

Collins, apart from his poetical genius, was an admirable linguist and general scholar. He left, it is said, a Preliminary Dissertation to be prefixed to his *History of the Restoration of Learning*, of great merit, which is unhappily amissing ; and, had he lived, and continued sane, was capable, we think, of all but the very greatest achievements both in general literature and in poetry. He was amiable and good-natured ; passionately fond of music ; in his earlier days very temperate ; of moderate stature ; his eyes grey and keen, but at times weak ; and his complexion brown, but clear. He was the slave of sensibility, he nursed it in his bosom when it was young, and, when grown, it stung and strangled him.

We come now to the examination of his genius. It was of that highly imaginative order which deals more with abstractions than with human forms or feelings. He was a painter of shadows and gigantic ghosts. The power which Macaulay ascribes justly to Shelley, of vivifying abstractions, and giving them statuesque shapes and pictorial hues, was enjoyed in still greater plenitude by Collins. No one has excelled him in the power of personification. He flushes the pale cheeks of Abstract Ideas. He breathes on their skeleton shapes, and makes them live. All the objects he describes seem seen *at night*; and yet, in general, they are shewn in a clear and rich chiaroscuro, as distinctly, but in mellow tone than though it were day. He has been accused of obscurity, and obscure he often is, but can we wonder that a describer and painter of darkness should often be dark? The wonder is, that he is so clear and picturesque in his representation of forms so shadowy. Witness his great group of the "Passions." Every one of them is a perfect picture;—Fear recoiling from the sound himself had made—Anger with his eyes on fire—Hope, smiling enchanted, waving her golden hair, and "calling on Echo still, through all her song"—Revenge blowing his war-denouncing trumpet,

"While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head"—

Pity moaning dejected at his side—Melancholy sitting pale and retired, and pouring through the mellow horn her pensive soul—Love dancing with Mirth to the viol of Joy—Cheerfulness in hunter-garb, the bow slung over her shoulder, her buskins gemmed with morning dew, and blowing her inspiring air, while to the music

"Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear."

With the same glorious instinct, he paints Liberty "weeping" beside the giant statue of Rome, as it falls with heaviest sound; Mercy sitting, a

*"Smiling bride,
By Valour's arm'd and awful side;"*

and Evening with her "dewy fingers" drawing the "gradual

dusky veil" over the wild and swelling floods, the hamlets brown, and the dim-discovered spires of the landscape.

And yet, although he has so exquisitely described the Passions, the great want of his poetry *is* passion. He has the highest enthusiasm, but little human interest. His figures are warm with the breath of genius, but there is little of the life's-blood of heart about them. Hence his "Oriental Eclogues," although full of fine description, are felt to be rather tame and stiff. How different from the easy, spirited, and glowing dialogues in the "Gentle Shepherd!" His genius, in fact, was essentially lyrical. The lyrical poet has little inclination to study the human heart, or to look abroad upon universality. He is rapt in a dream of his own; he is chained to his lyre; he contemplates one great exalting idea, which at once insulates and inflames him; and his song, even when enriched with learning, and radiant with historical allusion, rises like a new thing in the earth,—like the tongue of fire from the mouth of an altar to Heaven—in the world, but not of it, and aspiring ever to surmount its sphere. And thus rose the magnificent Odes of Collins.

His figures are less numerous than they are intense. He deals little in simile, but much in burning metaphor—that short-hand of imagination. His thought is not often subtle, but it is never shallow or commonplace. His versification has in parts a finer music, more varied in cadence, more melodious in intonation, less the effect of mechanical contrivance, and more the mere *pace* and *measure* of poetical feeling, than any verse between Milton and Coleridge; and his language, according to Campbell, is distinguished by a "rich economy of expression"—the richness, however, we think often beggaring the economy. His four best compositions are the "Ode to Evening," distinguished by its fine selection of the most poetical images out of a region where all is poetry, by its delicate personification, and its rhymeless rhythm; his "Ode to the Passions," already characterised for its inimitable dealing with abstractions; his "Ode to Liberty," the most ambitious, and, perhaps the grandest of his strains,—dark, rugged, bold, and soaring as the wing of the Eagle; and his "Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland"—less

poetical, but easier, clearer, more complete, and more interesting than any of his other strains.

Our volume contains all the fragments which remain of that noble, although diseased and unhappy, nature which belonged to William Collins. His mind, originally, was like that "blended work of strength and grace," the *Roman Commonwealth*, as described by himself; but, like it, it was broken

" With many a rude repeated stroke "

of poverty, neglect, disappointment, dissipation, and disease; and now we must say of it, as he says of the more sublime edifice—

" Yet, even where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand revered;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by *what escaped the storm*,
How wondrous rose her perfect form:
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
(The) Mighty Master pour'd his soul."

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM ; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene—A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT. *Time*—THE MORNING.

“ YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.”

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspired ;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desired :
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

10

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resumed her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;

By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung 17
 This useful lesson for the fair and young :

“ Ye Persian dames,” he said, “ to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song :
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Graced with soft arts, the peopled world around !
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes ;
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair !
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,

Boast but the worth Bassora's¹ pearls display : 30
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermine beautify the skin :
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ; 40
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The loved perfections of a female mind !

“ Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain !
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

“ O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more. 50

¹ ‘ Bassora : ’ Gulf of, famous for pearls.

" Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain, 51
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear :
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen :
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid,—
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe. 60
 Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
 And Love the last : by these your hearts approve ;
 These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay : 70
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds loved, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN ; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene—THE DESERT. *Time*—MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;

A fan of painted feathers in his hand, 5
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue ;
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view : 10
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 " Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ? 20
 " Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around !
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! 30
 " Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?

Ah! why was ruin so attractive made, 39
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,—
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

“ O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe ; 50
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 And, fearful ! oft, when Day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! 60

“ At that dread hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! 70

“ O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone !

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid, 73
 When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :
 ' Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
 Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.' 80
 O let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn !
 O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears."
 He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA ; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene—A FOREST. *Time*—THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
 Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain : 10

At morn she came those willing flocks to lead, 11
 Where lilies rear them in the watery mead ;
 From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
 Gay-motley'd pinks¹ and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there ;
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair. 20

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chase away ;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
 And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain : 30
 Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden power and love !
 Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign !

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
 And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ; 40
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclined ;

¹ 'Pinks : ' that these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the 'Modern History' of Mr Salmon.

And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers, 43
 Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her moved, a duteous band !
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand :
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung. 50

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
 And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !
 And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retired,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired ;
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
 And every Georgian maid like Abra loved ! 60

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led :
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ?
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
 Be famed for love, and gentlest love alone ;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days ! the maids around her say ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away ! 70

Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
 And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene—A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA. *Time*—MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclined,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind ;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains ;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky ;
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravaged plains, and valleys stole away. 10
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 'Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side ! 20

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !

Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind, 23
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care. 30

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat. 40
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds loved in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possest,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ; 50
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd !
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves, 53
 For ever famed for pure and happy loves :
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair !
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ; 60
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inured, and nursed in scenes of woe. 70

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
 Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-lit hills renew'd their flight.

ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

- 1 O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe !
- 2 By Pella's Bard,¹ a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !
- 3 But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild Arun² too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

¹ ' Pella's Bard : ' Euripides.—² ' Arun : ' a river in Sussex, near the birth-place of Otway.

- 4 There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown ;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.
- 5 Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Even now my thoughts, relenting maid
Thy temple's pride design :
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.
- 6 There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.
- 7 There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell :
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between :

Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.

For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould

10

What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?

Who stalks his round, a hideous form,

Howling amidst the midnight storm ;

Or throws him on the ridgy steep

Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :

And with him thousand phantoms join'd,

Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind :

And those, the fiends, who, near allied,

O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;

While Vengeance, in the lurid air,

20

Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare :

On whom that ravening brood¹ of Fate,

Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait :

Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,

And look not madly wild, like thee ?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,

The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue :

The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,

Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

¹ 'That ravening brood : ' the Furies of Sophocles. See 'Electra.'

Yet he, the Bard¹ who first invoked thy name, 30
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he,² whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dew to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shared the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen³
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene, 40
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart ;
 Thy withering power inspired each mournful line ;
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
 Or in some hollow'd seat, 50
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought ?
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;

¹ 'Bard : ' Æschylus. — ² 'Who is he,' &c. : Sophocles. — ³ 'Incestuous Queen : ' Jocasta.

Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed,
 In that thrice hallow'd eve, abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave ;
 And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

58

O thou whose spirit most possest
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke ;
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee !

70

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

- 1 O THOU by Nature taught,
 To breathe her genuine thought,
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;
 Who first on mountains wild,
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !
- 2 Thou, who with hermit heart
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :
 But comest a decent maid,
 In Attic robe array'd,
 O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call !

- 3 By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore ;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear ;
By her¹ whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's Poet's² ear :
- 4 By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat ;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.
- 5 O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.
- 6 While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band :
But stay'd to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne ;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.
- 7 No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean :

¹ ' Her : ' the nightingale.—² ' Sad Electra's Poet : ' borrowed from Milton's Eighth Sonnet.

For thou hast left her shrine ;
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

- 8 Though taste, though genius bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm our eye ;
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !
- 9 Of these let others ask,
 To aid some mighty task,
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard—
 Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest elfin queen has blest—
 One, only one, unrivall'd fair,¹
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,
 At solemn tourney hung on high,
 The wish of each love-darting eye ;—
 Lo ! to each other nymph in turn applied,
 As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,

¹ 'Unrivall'd fair : ' Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

Some chaste and angel friend to virgin fame, 11
 With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
 It left unblest her loathed dishonour'd side ;
 Happier hopeless fair, if never
 Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
 Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied !
 Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
 To whom, prepared and bathed in heaven,
 The cest of amplest power is given :
 To few the godlike gift assigns, 20
 To gird their bless'd prophetic loins,
 And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
 The band, as fairy legends say,
 Was wove on that creating day,
 When He, who call'd with thought to birth
 Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
 And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
 And pour'd the main engirthing all.
 Long by the loved enthusiast woo'd,
 Himself in some diviner mood, 30
 Retiring, sate with her alone,
 And placed her on his sapphire throne ;
 The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
 Now sublimest triumph swelling,
 Now on love and mercy dwelling ;
 And she, from out the veiling cloud,
 Breathed her magic notes aloud :
 And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
 And all thy subject life was born ! 40
 The dangerous passions kept aloof,
 Far from the sainted growing woof :
 But near it sate ecstatic Wonder,
 Listening the deep applauding thunder :

And Truth, in sunny vest array'd, 45
 By whose the tarsel's¹ eyes were made ;
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted powers,
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers. 50
 Where is the bard, whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow ?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?
 High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
 Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
 And holy genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock ; 60
 While on its rich ambitious head,
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread :
 I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
 By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
 Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear ;
 On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung ;
 Thither oft his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue, 70
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;
 In vain—such bliss to one alone,
 Of all the sons of soul was known ;
 And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers ;
 Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

¹ ' Tarsel : ' the falcon.

ODE,

Written in the Year 1746.

- 1 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
- 2 By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sitt'st a smiling bride
 By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored :
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
 Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword !
 Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,

Oft with thy bosom bare art found, 9
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground :
 See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
 Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
 And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a
 wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
 The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his sable steeds, 20
 That bore him swift to savage deeds ;
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
 O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower,
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's
 throne !

 ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
 And call in solemn sounds to life,
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom loved of old to view ?

What new Alcaeus,¹ fancy-blest, 7
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound !
 O goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided power
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race, 20
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, even where'er the least appear'd,
 Th' admiring world thy hand revered ;
 Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found ;
 They saw, by what escaped the storm, 30
 How wondrous rose her perfect form ;
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul !
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserved a part,

¹ 'Alcaeus:' see his fragment on the two Athenian tyrannicides, Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Till they,¹ whom Science loved to name, 36
 (O who could fear it ?) quench'd her flame.
 And, lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade !
 See small Marino² joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem :
 Strike, louder strike, th' ennobling strings,
 To those,³ whose merchant sons were kings ;
 To him⁴ who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride :
 Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure !
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's⁵ bleeding state.
 Ah no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek, 50
 On wild Helvetia's⁶ mountains bleak ;
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer,⁷ heard thy voice ;
 Forth from his eyrie roused in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled ;)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those⁸ to whom thy stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
 Whose crown a British queen⁹ refused !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains, 60
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail Nymph, adored by Britain, hail !

¹ 'They : ' the Medici.—² 'Marino : ' the little republic thereof. See Addison's Travels. — ³ 'Those : ' the Venetians. — ⁴ 'Him : ' Doge of Venice.—
⁵ 'Liguria : ' Genoa.—⁶ 'Helvetia : ' Switzerland.—⁷ 'Archer : ' Tell.—⁸ 'Those : '
 the Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are
 convicted of killing this bird. The common people of Holland are said to en-
 tertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should be-
 come extinct, they should lose their liberties.—⁹ 'British queen : ' Elizabeth.

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought, 64
 The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,¹
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say, 70
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.
 And see, like gems, her laughing train, 80
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona,² once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight, who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,

¹ 'Strand:' this tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists, too, have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I don't remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.—² 'Mona:' There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid, becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

A fair attendant on her sovereign pride : 86
 To thee this blest divorce she owed,
 For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last abode !

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green navel of our isle, 90
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood !
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet :
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell. 100
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
 Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.
 There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retired in glory, 110
 Hear their consorted Druids sing
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
 What never tongue nor numbers told ?
 How learn, delighted and amazed,
 What hands unknown that fabric raised ?

Even now, before his favour'd eyes, 117
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
 Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic through the mix'd design :
 The secret builder knew to choose,
 Each sphere-found gem of richest hues ;
 Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
 There on the walls the patriot's sight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, graved with some prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
 That near her inmost altar stand ! 120
 Now soothe her, to her blissful train
 Blithe Concord's social form to gain :
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
 Even Anger's bloodshot eyes in sleep :
 Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm :
 Her let our sires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore ;
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair ; 140
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O how supremely art thou blest !
 Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west !

ODE TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION
AT FONTENOY.

Written, May 1745.

- 1 WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
 And mourns the fatal day :
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful May :

- 2 The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
 Your faithful hours attend :
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
 And points the bleeding friend.

- 3 By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
 Where'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
 And Peace protect the shade.

- 4 O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aerial forms shall sit at eve,
 And bend the pensive head ;
And, fallen to save his injured land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
 Shall point his lonely bed !

- 5 The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
 Shall leave their sainted rest ;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
 To hail the blooming guest.
- 6 Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
 And gaze with fix'd delight :
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
 And wish th' avenging fight.
- 7 But lo ! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Impatient Freedom lies !
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod, which wraps the dead,
 She turns her joyless eyes.
- 8 Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
 Proclaim her reign restored :
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
 Present the sated sword.
- 9 If, weak to soothe so soft a heart,
These pictured glories nought impart,
 To dry thy constant tear :
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Exposed and pale thou seest him lie,
 Wild war insulting near :

- 10 Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
 The Muse shall still, with social grief,
 Her gentlest promise keep ;
 Even humble Harting's cottaged vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.
-

ODE TO EVENING.

- 1 If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales ;
- 2 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With braid ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :
- 3 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
- 4 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

- 5 Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !
- 6 For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,
- 7 And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.
- 8 Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.
- 9 Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,
- 10 And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.
- 11 While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

- 12 While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;
- 13 So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !
-

ODE TO PEACE.

- 1 O THOU, who badest thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies ;
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise !
- 2 Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn :
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return !
- 3 O Peace, thy injured robes upbind !
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train :
 The British lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

4 Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honour led ;
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd,
 The dim-discover'd tracts of mind :
 Truths which, from action's paths retired,
 My silent search in vain required !
 No more my sail that deep explores,
 No more I search those magic shores,
 What regions part the world of soul,
 Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
 If e'er I round such fairy field,
 Some power impart the spear and shield, 10
 At which the wizard Passions fly,
 By which the giant Follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
 Arch'd with th' enlivening olives' green :
 Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
 By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
 Thy walks, Observance, more invite ! 20

O thou, who lovest that ampler range, 21
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingled souls allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside :
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn, where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around ;
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view ! 30
 Till meddling Art's officious lore
 Reverse the lessons taught before ;
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school :
 Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast bless'd this social science most.
 Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charming task,
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask , 40
 Behold, before her musing eyes
 The countless Manners round her rise ;
 While, ever varying as they pass,
 To some Contempt applies her glass ;
 With these the white-robed maids combine ;
 And those the laughing satyrs join !
 But who is he whom now she views,
 In robe of wild contending hues ?
 Thou by the Passions nursed ; I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet ! 50
 O Humour, thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone ;
 Me too amidst thy band admit ;
 There where the young-eyed healthful Wit

(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are placed each other's beams to share ;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loosed attends thy side !

55

By old Miletus,¹ who so long
Has ceased his love-inwoven song ;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In changed Italia's modern shades ;
By him,² whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refined a nation's lust of fame ;
Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat ;
Or him,³ whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd.

60

70

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal !
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind ;
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy scene-full world with thee !

¹ ' Miletus : ' alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.
—² ' Him : ' Cervantes.—³ ' Him : ' Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.—⁴ ' Sicilian maid : ' Blanche, in ' Gil Blas.'

THE PASSIONS.¹

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, 10
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made. 20
 Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
 But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

¹ 'The Passions : ' suggested by a MS. Essay by Joseph Warton.

What was thy delighted measure ? 30
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ,
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose : 40
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet, 60
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay, 65
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial : 80
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round : 90
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As in that loved Athenian bower, 99
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd !
 Can well recall what then it heard :
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;
 Even all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece :
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond. It is said to have been composed by Collins while sailing past Richmond.

1 IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave :
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

- 2 In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp¹ shall now be laid ;
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.
- 3 Then maids and youths shall linger here ;
 And, while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
- 4 Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest !
- 5 And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,²
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
- 6 But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail !
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail !
- 7 Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
 With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
 And Joy desert the blooming year.
- 8 But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

¹ 'His airy harp:' the harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the
 'Castle of Indolence.'—² 'Whitening spire:' Richmond Church.

- 9 And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu !
- 10 The genial meads¹ assign'd to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
 Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.
- 11 Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
 Oh ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !

ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF
 THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND ;

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR JOHN HOME.

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
 Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
 'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
 Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.²
 Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth³
 Whom, long endear'd, thou leavest by Lavant's side ;
 Together let us wish him lasting truth,
 And joy untainted with his destined bride.

¹ ' Genial meads : ' Mr Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death. — ² ' Tragic song : ' how truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers ! — ³ ' Cordial youth : ' a gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast 9
 My short-lived bliss, forget my social name ;
 But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame !
 Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
 Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand :
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet, 20
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
 There each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots ;
 By night they sip it round the cottage door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
 There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
 Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain : 30
 Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect ;
 Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

Even yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father, to his listening son,
 Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possesst, 40
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
 Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat
 The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
 When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave !
 Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,¹
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
 When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel, 50
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
 And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
 In Skye's lone isle, the gifted wizard-secr,
 Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
 Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells :
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
 With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
 When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
 They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop. 60
 Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their destined glance some fated youth descry,
 Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
 For them the viewless forms of air obey ;
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair :
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

¹ 'Shepherd's shiel : ' a summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray, 70
 Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !
 The seer, in Skye, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
 When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay !
 As Boreas threw his young Aurora¹ forth,
 In the first year of the first George's reign,
 And battles raged in welkin of the North,
 They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain !
 And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
 Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd !
 They raved ! divining, through their second sight,² 80
 Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd !
 Illustrious William !³ Britain's guardian name !
 One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke ;
 He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
 But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
 To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke !

These, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy magic Muse
 Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar ;
 Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
 Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er lose ; 90
 Let not dank Will⁴ mislead you to the heath ;
 Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
 He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
 In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake !
 What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
 His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
 Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
 Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;

¹ 'Young Aurora : ' probably the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715. — ² 'Second sight : ' the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders. — ³ 'William : ' the Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.—⁴ 'Dank Will : ' a gaseous meteor, called by various names, such as Will o' the Wisp, &c.

For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed, 99
 At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
 And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
 And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
 If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed !
 Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
 Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
 To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :
 On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
 Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
 But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood 110
 O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
 Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape
 To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
 To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
 In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
 Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
 Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !
 What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
 And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait, 121
 Or wander forth to meet him on his way ;
 For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
 His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate :
 Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if Night
 Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
 With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
 Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
 Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
 Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek, 130
 And with his blue-swollen face before her stand,

And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak : 132
 " Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
 At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
 Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
 While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
 Drown'd by the Kelpie's¹ wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
 Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing 140
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile² which still its ruins shows :
 In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground !
 Or thither,³ where, beneath the showery west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid ;
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
 Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour, 150
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain, 160
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,

¹ 'Kelpie:' the water fiend.—² 'Hoar pile:' a ruined chapel in one of the Hebrides, called the Isle of Pigmies, where it is said that some bones of a small race of men have been dug up.—³ 'Thither:' Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

And all their prospect but the wintry main. 162

With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring ; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's¹ nest.

Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare

Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare ; 170
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage

Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess ;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, th' historic page.

There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,

In musing hour ; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.

From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design, 180
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast !

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.

Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce ;

Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colours bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart

From sober truth, are still to nature true, 190

And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art !

¹ 'Solan:' the solan geese breed in the face of the cliffs ; their eggs are the principal source of subsistence to the inhabitants of St Kilda.

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke, 193
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !

When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword !

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !

Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung ! 200

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here !

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear !

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail !

Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,

Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,

Or Don's¹ romantic springs, at distance hail !

The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread 210

Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom ;

Or, o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led ;

Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom !

Then will I dress once more the faded bower,

Where Jonson² sat in Drummond's classic shade ;

Or crop, from Teviotdale, each lyric flower,

And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid !

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore

The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains,³ attend !—

Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor, 220

To him I lose, your kind protection lend,

And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend !

¹ 'Annan,' 'Tay,' 'Don:' three rivers in Scotland. — ² 'Jonson:' Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh. — ³ 'Lothian's plains:' Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION
OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

SIR,

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays ;
While, nursed by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb ;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell :
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obscured : 10
Fair Fancy wept ; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year ;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :

The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage, 19
 And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserved through time, the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortured heart :
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's¹ reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please,
 The comic sisters kept their native ease :
 With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd ; 30
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain ;
 Ilyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As Arts expired, resistless Dulness rose ;
 Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
 Till Julius² first recall'd each exiled maid,
 And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade :
 Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream : 40
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
 The gay description could not fail to move ;
 For, led by Nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed
 The beauteous union must appear at length,
 Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength :
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And even a Shakspeare to her fame be born ! 50

¹ 'Theban : ' the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. — ² 'Julius : ' Julius II., the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray, 51
 In vain our Britain hoped an equal day!
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.
 Of softer mould, the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order, as the next in name;
 With pleased attention 'midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought that warms the female mind; 60
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear;
 The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
 His every strain¹ the Smiles and Graces own;
 But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
 Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps,² and slow, exacter France
 Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew: 70
 Till late Corneille, with Lucan's³ spirit fired,
 Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired:
 And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
 The temperate strength of Maro's⁴ chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
 And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
 Yet he alone to every scene could give
 Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.

¹ 'His every strain:' their characters are thus distinguished by Mr Dryden.
 — ² 'With gradual steps:' about the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy
 was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hun-
 dred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the
 correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by
 those of our own country, Johnson excepted. — ³ 'Lucan:' the favourite
 author of the elder Corneille. — ⁴ 'Maro:' Virgil.

Waked at his call I view, with glad surprise, 79
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
 And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
 Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die !
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king :
 The time shall come¹ when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed ;
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent : 90
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
 Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear !

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
 With humbler Nature, in the rural grove ;
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
 Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
 And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle. 100

O more than all in powerful genius blest,
 Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
 Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
 Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
 There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
 There native music dwells in all the lays.
 Oh, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
 Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
 What wondrous draughts might rise from every page !
 What other Raphaels charm a distant age ! 110

¹ ' The time shall come : '—

' Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum pallanta,' &c.

Methinks even now I view some free design, 111
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
 Chaste and subdued, the modest lights decay,
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
 —And sec, where Anthony,¹ in tears approved,
 Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved :
 O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound. 120

But who is he,² whose brows exalted bear
 A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?
 Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
 On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel ;
 Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
 (So Heaven ordains it) on the destined wall.
 See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
 The son's affection in the Roman's pride : 130
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise ;
 Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous critic, as thy bard inspires,
 The sister arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;
 Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
 Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
 Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind
 (For poets ever were a careless kind),
 By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
 But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand. 140

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
 Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.

¹ 'Anthony:' see the tragedy of Julius Cæsar. — ² 'Who is he,' &c.: Coriolanus. See Mr Spence's dialogue on the Odyssey.

Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
 By winds and waters cast on every shore :
 When raised by Fate, some former Hanmer join'd
 Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;
 And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
 A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

OXFORD, *December 3, 1743.*

DIRGE IN "CYMBELINE."

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

- 1 To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.
- 2 No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.
- 3 No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !
- 4 The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

- 5 When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
 Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;
- 6 Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Beloved, till life can charm no more ;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.
-

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF
 BRIDECAKE GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.

- 1 YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
 By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
 With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
 Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake !
- 2 This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
 Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
 Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
 The secret present of a matchless maid.
- 3 The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
 Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;
 Fears, sighs, and wishes, of th' enamour'd breast,
 And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

- 4 With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cythera's isle ;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.
- 5 Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.
- 6 Sleep, wayward god ! hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invoked in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.
- 7 If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hopest an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
Oh, much entreated, leave this fatal place !
- 8 Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

SONG,

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

- 1 YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowly hamlets, moan ;
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.
- 2 His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made :
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.
- 3 Pale pansies o'er his corpse were placed,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste
And wither in their prime.
- 4 But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay ?
Ah, no ! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.
- 5 They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who loved so well :
Ah me ! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell !
- 6 Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried ;
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her loved one died.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEeping AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn,
 Lament not Hannah's happy state ;
 You may be happy in your turn,
 And seize the treasure you regret.
 With Love united Hymen stands,
 And softly whispers to your charms,
 " Meet but your lover in my bands,
 You'll find your sister in his arms."

SONNET.

WHEN Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
 My soul ! it reach'd not here :
 Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
 Before a rising tear !
 From 'midst the drops, my love is born,
 That o'er those eyelids rove :
 Thus issued from a teeming wave
 The fabled queen of love.

END OF COLLINS' POEMS.

T. WARTON'S
POETICAL WORKS.



THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON was born at Basingstoke, in the year 1728. His father was Vicar of Basingstoke, Fellow of Magdalen College, and for ten years Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He died in 1745. His family consisted of three ;—Joseph, the well known head-master of Winchester School ; Thomas, the subject of this sketch ; and Jane, who died unmarried. Thomas was remarkable in boyhood for his fondness for study, and the premature development of his powers. At the age of nine, he translated very neatly one of Martial's epigrams, and sent it to his sister. Two years later, during a very cold winter, he used to leave the family fireside, and pursue his studies in his own chamber. His father superintended his education till his sixteenth year, when he was admitted a commoner, and soon after became a scholar, in Trinity College, Oxford. In 1745, while not quite seventeen, he wrote "The Pleasures of Melancholy"—a fine poem for one so young—and published it, two years afterwards, without his name. In the following year, Mason published his "Isis," an elegy, which alluded pointedly to the Jacobite principles and dissipated practices of the Oxonians of that day. This roused our young bard, and he came forth, in 1749, with "The Triumph of Isis," containing a spirited defence of Oxford, and glowing poetic notices of her illustrious children. It was received with enthusiasm, and the author became at once famous in his university. Shortly after, an

anonymous poem, entitled, "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," having produced some sensation, Warton attributed it, on internal evidence, to Mason. This produced a letter from the poet of Cam, full of respect and esteem for his rival, but blaming him for spreading a rumour, which he does not, however, venture directly to deny. They became, consequently, acquaintances, but never friends. Warton thought Mason a *buckram* man, and was afraid, had they become more intimate, of being put by him into a bad ode! Warton became about this time a contributor to a publication entitled "The Student," a monthly miscellany, published in Oxford. He was elected, two successive years, poet laureate to the common-room of the college—the duties of which office consisted in writing a copy of verses to a lady, who was likewise annually elected, and called the lady-patroness, and reciting them, crowned with a wreath of laurel, on an appointed day, to the members. The verses were quite worthy, and no more, of the fantastic mummery. In 1750 he became A.M., and in 1751 succeeded to a fellowship, and was made independent and comfortable for life.

In 1753 (after having, in the interim, printed some small pieces, such as "Newmarket," a satire, "The Oxford Sausage," &c.), there appeared, in Edinburgh, "The Union; or, Select Scotch and English Pieces," all of which were selected, and some of them written, by Warton, who assumes for the nonce the *alias* of "A Gentleman from Aberdeen," and holds out the prospect of a poem of "a nobler and more important nature, which he was then preparing." This appears to have been a mere *ruse*, as nothing resulted from it. In 1754, he published "Observations on the Faerie Queen of Spenser," which attracted the notice and warm approval of Dr Johnson, and first led to their correspondence. He had for some time been deeply engrossed with our old authors. One of his friends attributed his taste for the antique to a visit which he paid, when a boy, to Windsor Castle, with his father and brother Joseph. They were both visibly delighted, and expressed their delight by exclamations. Thomas walked through it, silent and as if in a dream, and his father thought he was taking notice of nothing. The whole, however, was

quietly daguerreotyping itself upon his mind ; and the effects appeared afterwards, both in his poetry and prose. Castles, abbeys, mediæval manners, became the food of his fancy ; and the transition from them to Spenser, and Milton's minor poems, was easy and unavoidable. His " Observations " discovered much reading in romantic history and ancient poetry, and first recommended him to the attention of Warburton. He became, about the same time, a diligent student, and a bold speculator, in the science of ecclesiastical architecture. His summers were generally spent in wandering through those mystic mountains of man's handiwork, the cathedrals and abbeys of England. He kept a regular journal of his observations, and began to prepare, and, in part at least, completed, a work on the Gothic architecture. No trace of it, however, was found among his MSS. He seems, indeed, like Collins, to have projected many large literary schemes, which he lacked patience or resolution to accomplish, such as a translation of " Apollonius Rhodius," farther " Observations on Spenser," and a translation of Homer. This last might, perhaps, have been good, had he done it in ballad-rhythm. Scott, at least, could have nobly rendered it, in the manner of his " Marmion ;" or Macaulay might render it still better, in the style of his " Lays of Ancient Rome." He found an excuse for not carrying out his designs in the labour connected with pupils, whom he now began to keep at college.

In 1757, he was elected Professor of Poetry. He had previously made himself active in procuring for Johnson the degree of A.M., which he wished to prefix to his " Dictionary." He now set himself to contribute notes, and find subscribers, for his edition of Shakspeare. As another proof of his regard for Johnson, he gave him three ingenious papers—the 33d, 93d, and 96th—for " The Idler." The last of these is the well-known and striking story of " Hacho, King of Lapland." He contributed, too, at different times, to " The Connoisseur," " The World," and " The Adventurer."

His intimacy with Johnson was not destined to be of long endurance. It was followed by a coldness, for which each party blamed the other. Warton heard that Johnson had

abused his poetry, and gave up calling on him. Johnson felt this keenly, and was provoked to assert, in his own strong way, "that Tom Warton was the only man of genius he ever knew who wanted a heart." Their views, too, and tastes, were very different. Johnson adored Pope more than he cared fully to express, and was savage upon Milton's minor poems. Warton joined with his brother in thinking Pope overrated, and was an enthusiastic admirer of "Lycidas," "Comus," and the "Sonnets." Johnson knew little, and cared less, for old English poetry. Warton knew it better than, with the exception of architecture and Greek, he knew anything else, and loved it with all the heart that he had. Whatever might be the cause, they were separated, and the old "Cham of Literature" absolutely shed tears as he spoke of their estrangement—and this, we think, is itself a proof that his charge of heartlessness against Warton was exaggerated; for how can you weep for the loss of a man's friendship, who has wanted the great element of which friendship is composed?

Warton held the office of Professor of Poetry for the usual period of ten years. The grand object of his lectures—which are said to have been "remarkable for elegance of diction and justness of observation"—was to recommend the classical poets as models. In order to clench his statements, he was in the habit of reading to his students those translations from the Greek Anthologies which were afterwards printed in his poems. We remember, with much pleasure, as inserted in "The Adventurer," his translations of the exquisite fragments of Simonides, particularly that descriptive of Danae and her Child, in their chest at sea, and his graceful Commentary. In 1758 he published a selection of Latin metrical inscriptions; and, eight years later, a similar collection of Greek inscriptions, constituting "Cephalas' Anthology;" and concluding with the promise, afterwards so amply fulfilled, of a translation of Theocritus.

In 1770 this edition, which he had begun in 1758, appeared, in two splendid quarto volumes. Theocritus had been an early favourite of Warton's. He was determined to his choice of him, besides, by the fact of many valuable

papers on the subject, from Italy, having fallen into his hands. The book was universally hailed as an honour to the Clarendon Press, where it was printed, and to the university in general, from its elegant typography, careful research, correctness, and spirit.

During his career as Poetry Professor, he produced a number of small works in prose and verse—such as a “Life of Sir Thomas Pope,” the founder and benefactor of his college; verses for the Oxford Collections, “On the Death of George II. ;” “The Marriage of George III. ;” “The Birth of the Prince of Wales ;” an ode, entitled, “The Complaint of Cherwell ;” the Preface to, and some of the poems in, “The Oxford Sausage for 1764 ;” besides an edition of the poems of Sir William Browne, author of “Britannia’s Pastorals” and “The Shepherd’s Pipe.”

On the 7th December 1767 he took his degree of B.D. ; in 1771 he was elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society ; and, on the 22d of October, was appointed to a small living at Kiddington, in Oxfordshire. About this time he began the most important of all his undertakings, a history of English poetry, the first volume of which appeared in 1774, under the title of “History of English Poetry, from the Close of the Eleventh to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century ; to which are prefixed Two Dissertations : 1. On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe ; 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England.” The second volume appeared in 1778 ; and the third in 1781, preceded by an additional dissertation on the “Gesta Romanorum” (Deeds of the Romans). This volume brought the history down only to the end of Queen Elizabeth’s age—or, to use the language of Bishop Mant, his worthy biographer, did not conduct “out of the obscurity of Tartarus into the Elysian fields !”—*i. e.*, out of the deep darkness, which was partially illuminated by a Shakspeare, a Spenser, and a Sydney, into the celestial day of a Parnell, an Addison, and a Pope !! The fourth volume—which would have treated of the “Augustan age !”—was repeatedly promised, but never appeared. The copyright of the first three was sold for what then seemed the enormous sum of £350, and the impression con-

sisted of 1250 copies. The idea, if not originally borrowed from the Italians, had first occurred to Pope; dropped by him, had fallen into the hands of Gray, who was far better qualified by learning to have accomplished it; but it was at last resigned to Warton, who adopted, however, a different plan from that projected by the other two, and made the history chronological, instead of classing the authors, as Pope proposed, into different schools. What he thus lost in method he has probably gained in interest. You love a single bright star more than a cluster like the Pleiades. His history, with all its defects, is still a very valuable book of reference, and contains the germ, at least, of a great project, which must, sooner or later, become more than a germ.

In 1777 he collected a few of his published poetical pieces, along with a good many others which had never before seen the light, and printed them in one volume. The work passed through several editions, and in each edition contained something new. We have the third of these editions (now scarce) lying before us. It contains seven miscellaneous poems, including his "Triumph of Isis," ten odes, and nine sonnets. He passed his term time generally at Oxford, and his vacations at Winchester, where his brother, Joseph, was headmaster. There he wrote much of his history, and some of his finest poems. His favourite haunt was a garden of his brother's, situated between two arms of the river, which water a meadow immediately below the walls of the college. His attachment to Joseph was great, and was warmly returned. In 1781 he wrote, for private circulation, a history of his parish, Kiddington. In 1782 he published a pamphlet on the Chatterton and Rowley controversy, strongly supporting the theory that the poems were modern compositions. He wrote also some highly-finished and poetical verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds' painted window at New College, which elicited a letter of lively gratitude from the painter. He was elected, the same year, a member of the famous Literary Club; and, although he seldom attended its meetings, he was on intimate terms with many of its more distinguished members—had been the tutor of Langton, was familiar with Percy and Dr Farmer, and sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for

his portrait. He had also some intercourse, as we have seen, with poor Collins; and knew Glover, Gough, and Tyrwhitt, all three famous in their day, although now nearly forgotten.

In the year 1785, two honours were conferred on him. He was elected Camden Professor of History; and, on the death of William Whitehead, was created Laureate. This office he filled, on the whole, as well as any who had preceded him. It had fallen very low in public estimation during the reign of Cibber and Whitehead—it had been offered to, and contemptuously declined by, Gray—and required a respectable poet to redeem it from utter disgrace. Only four *great* poets, so far as we remember, have been laureates—Ben Jonson, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Immediately after his appointment, a clever squib appeared, entitled, “Probationary Odes for the Laureateship,” written in the style so successfully followed afterwards by the authors of the “Rejected Addresses”—imitations of various poets of the time, along with Warton’s own first composition. No one joined more heartily in the roar of laughter produced by these *jeux d’esprit* than our poet himself. His Odes are, many of them, good; and, according to Mant, “he has shewn how a poet may celebrate his sovereign, not with the fulsome adoration of an Augustan courtier, or the base prostration of an Oriental slave, but with the genuine spirit and erect front of an Englishman.”

He had long contemplated an edition of Milton’s works; and in 1785 he published what was meant to be the first of a series of volumes—an edition of the juvenile poems, with notes, critical and explanatory. The second volume was to have contained “Paradise Regained” and “Samson Agonistes;” but he died before it was finished, and the materials he had collected for it were lost. It is a work deserving much credit for its laborious research, and warm sympathy with Milton’s genius; but he is too fond of tracing imitations where they do not exist, and his aversion to the great poet’s politics is too plainly and frequently expressed.

He was employed on a new and corrected edition of his own poems, when he was suddenly arrested in his career. He had, up to his sixty-second year, enjoyed vigorous health. Attacked

by the gout, he went to Bath ; whence he returned, flattering himself that he was completely recovered. On Thursday, May 20, 1790, he passed the evening in the common-room, and was observed to be more cheerful than usual. Between ten and eleven he was seized with a paralytic stroke, struck speechless and insensible, and expired the next day, at two afternoon. His brother was sent for, but was too late to see him alive. He was buried on the 27th, with the highest academic honours, and lies in the ante-chapel of his college, where he had spent forty-seven quiet, laborious years.

Warton was the *beau-ideal* of an Oxford Fellow. He was at once lazy and studious, fond of luxury, and fond of books. He spent a portion of each day in reading and writing, and the rest of it in cracking jokes and perpetrating puns in the common-room. His passions were weak ; and it is not quite certain if he was ever even once in the predicament of love. He was very fond of the society of boys. When visiting Winchester, he was once assisting the scholars in some culinary operation. On the unexpected entrance of his brother, he fled and hid himself in a dark corner, whence he was dragged by the doctor, who imagined it had been some great boy, and laughed heartily at the discovery. He does not seem to have paid much attention to his parish, and had no name as a preacher. His foibles were, a habit of drinking ale and smoking tobacco with persons much his inferiors ; a devout belief in ghosts (if people in these *rapping* days will allow us to call this a foible) ; a liking, amounting to a passion, for popular and martial spectacles ; and a strange *penchant* (in which, it is said, one of the most eminent ministers at present in London resembles him) for attending executions—once disguising himself, it is said, in the dress of a carter, that he might escape recognition while enjoying the spectacle. In his youth he was handsome ; but ale and sedentary habits combined to swell him to a little, thick, squat, red-faced man, resembling, according to Dr Johnson, a turkey-cock, in dimensions, colour, and “ gobble.”

Thomas Warton, although not one of our greatest, is still a most respectable literary name. He was an elegant scholar,

if not a Bentley ; a refined and genial critic, if not a Johnson ; a tender and true poet, if not a Milton. If we may substitute comparison for contrast, he may be called, as a poet, a diffuser Gray, or even a weaker and less versatile Scott. The sources of his inspiration were the same as theirs. He loved the Old in architecture, in creed, in poetry, in politics—in everything. He delighted, we are told, to wander through the Bodleian Library, musing on the old faces of its volumes, and to survey, with quiet and rapt earnestness, the ancient gateway of Magdalen College. He loved Nature much, but he loved still more those proud piles by which Man has sought, as if on giant stepping-stones, to climb to Heaven, and on which Nature herself seems, in austere sympathy, compelled to smile, as she silently admits them amidst her own masterpieces. Our old poetry, too, he loved to enthusiasm. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, have found more eloquent, but never more sincere and affectionate panegyrists. He had gone further back still. That strange old world, semi-pastoral, semi-seafaring, which Theocritus and the other Greek Idyllists have represented in rude and rough but simple and powerful display—like those antique wooden bowls which were carved round with emblems and tales—was quite familiar to Warton, and has been faithfully reproduced in his translations. His own poems exhibit him rather as a cultured lover of poetry, and an elegant imitator of its magical effects, than as a great original in the art. His *St Paul's* and *Westminster Abbey* are those we see in the Coliseum at London—fine reproductions, and not native works. His “*Triumph of Isis*” is one of his most striking productions, and has much of Pope's terseness and compact felicity. His “*Sonnets*” were especial favourites with Hazlitt, and have a certain tender grace and delicacy of feeling, which remind you of those of Bowles. That “*To the River Lodon*” has apparently suggested Coleridge's, beginning with

“ Dear native stream, wild streamlet of the west !”

if not also Wordsworth's series “*On the River Duddon*.” His “*Odes*” are all very pleasing, but almost all imitative, sometimes of Milton and sometimes of Gray. That “*To a*

Suicide" is the most powerful; and that "On Leaving a Favourite Village in Hampshire" is filled with the sweetest imagery. His humorous pieces are mostly clever centos of Pope, Young, and Swift. His elegies, odes, &c., written in his capacity of Poet Laureate, are better than the run of such productions, and neither add to nor detract much from his fame. Altogether, looking at his poems in the light of effusions poured out in the intervals of laborious research and critical discussion, they are worthy of all acceptance; and we feel justified in binding the Poetical Works of Warton in the same volume with those of Goldsmith and Collins. They are certainly three among the truest and most refined of our minor poets.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS,¹

OCCASIONED BY "ISIS, AN ELEGY."

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews ;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale ;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd :
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I framed the Doric lay.
When lo ! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream ; 10
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

¹ 'The triumph of Isis.' For an account of the occasion on which this poem was written, and of the circumstances connected with it, see the memoir prefixed to this edition.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood 15
 The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod ;
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd :

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy ; 20
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
 To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
 For hark ! high-throned on yon majestic walls,
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :
 When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish Cam unite ;
 To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ? 30

Still sing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom's cause ;
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws :
 To Power your songs of gratulation pay,
 To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
 What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse ;¹
 What though your vaunted Bard's ingenuous woe,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ;
 Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a Sister's head ?— 40
 Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page !
 A rage that sullies even thy guiltless lays,
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let Granta² boast the patrons of her name,
 Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame :

¹ 'Musæus' hearse:' alluding to Mason's 'Musæus,' a Monody to the memory of Pope. — ² 'Granta:' Cambridge. The Saxon name of the town was Grantan Bridge, or Grantabridge.

Still of preferment let her shine the queen, 47
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean :
 Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek :
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
 On rich pluralities supinely thrive :
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;
 No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
 Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
 Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
 With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
 'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way ; 60
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
 Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of Power.
 Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
 Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
 And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 " These destined seats be mine," exulting cries ;
 Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend :
 And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend 70
 Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious showers,
 Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
 See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd ;
 With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound ;
 My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
 The mien erect, and high majestic gait :
 Green as of old each olived portal smiles,
 And still the Graces build my Grecian piles :
 My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies. 80

Even late, when Radcliffe's delegated train¹ 81
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain ;
 When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,
 Beneath its Attic roofs received the Nine ;
 Was Rapture mute, or ceased the glad acclaim,
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name ?
 What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !
 How each brave breast with honest ardours heaved,
 When Sheldon's fane² the patriot band received ; 90
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beaufort and a Harley mine :
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
 Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky ; 100
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
 And listening danced beneath their pearly grot :
 In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;

¹ 'Even late, when Radcliffe's delegated train,' &c. The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th April 1749, the same year in which this poem was written. The ceremony was attended by Charles Duke of Beaufort, Edward Earl of Oxford, and the other trustees of Dr Radcliffe's will ; and a speech upon the occasion was delivered in the Theatre by Dr King, Principal of St Mary Hall, and Public Orator of the University. In order to make some allusions in the poem more intelligible, it is necessary to add, that the 'Sage' complimented in ver. 111, is Dr King ; and the 'Puny Champion,' and the 'Paricide,' of ver. 131 and 136, were designed for another member of the University, with whom Dr King was engaged in a controversy. — ² 'Sheldon's fane : ' the Theatre, built by Archbishop Sheldon about 1670.

Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers, 107
 And breathed a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
 And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon Sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye and waving hand.
 Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart :
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm ; 120
 Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence :
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restored,
 Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword ;
 From me, as from my country, claims applause,
 And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
 While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ; 130
 Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare
 To wage with force like this scholastic war ?
 Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
 With all the rage of pedant impotence ?
 Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
 This Parricide, that wounds a mother's breast ?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
 Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
 By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
 Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells ; 140

Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile 141
 The deep foundations of the floating pile :
 In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
 Rear'd her tall mast, and framed her knotty side ;
 The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
 With every conflict of the stormy flood ;
 More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
 Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time ; 150
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence ;
 Ye cloisters pale, that, lengthening to the sight,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite ;
 Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
 Lo ! your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !— 160
 Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free !

Even now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
 Tuning to knightly tale¹ his British reeds,
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads : 170
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
 And beams on all around celestial fire.

¹ 'Tuning to knightly tale,' &c. : it is upon the authority of Leland, followed by Speght and Urry in their lives of Chaucer, that Oxford lays claim to a part of Chaucer's education.

With graceful step see Addison¹ advance, 173
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance :
 See Chillingworth² the depths of Doubt explore,
 And Selden³ ope the rolls of ancient lore :
 To all but his beloved embrace denied,
 See Locke⁴ lead Reason his majestic bride :
 See Hammond⁵ pierce Religion's golden mine,
 And spread the treasured stores of truth divine. 180

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
 And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease ;
 Who taught with truth, or with persuasion moved ;
 Who soothed with numbers, or with sense improved ;
 Who ranged the powers of reason, or refined,
 All that adorn'd or humanised the mind ;
 Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul ;
 All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail ! with filial transport cry. 190

And see yon sapient train ! with liberal aim,
 'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame ;
 And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
 To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
 With mild debate each musing feature glows,
 And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.

¹ 'Addison : ' first of Queen's, and afterwards Demi of Magdalen College, 1689. — ² 'Chillingworth : ' he was born in October 1602, and educated in grammar learning in Oxford ; became scholar of Trinity College, June 2, 1618 ; A.M. in the latter end of 1623 ; and fellow of the said college, June 10, 1628. — ³ 'Selden : ' John Selden, according to Wood ('Athen. Oxon.' ii. 179), after having been instructed in grammar learning at Chichester, by Mr Hugh Barker, of New College, was by his care and advice sent to Hart Hall in 1600, and committed to the tuition of Mr Anthony Barker, and (according to Wilkins' life of him, prefixed to his works) of Mr Thomas Young, both fellows of the aforesaid college ; under whom he continued about three years, and then went to the Inner Temple. — ⁴ 'Locke : ' he was a member of Christ Church College. — ⁵ 'Hammond : ' Henry Hammond, born at Chertsey in Surrey, 1605, and educated at Eton ; in 1622, became Demi of Magdalen College and A.B. ; in 1625, admitted A.M., and elected fellow of the same college.

“Lo! these¹ the leaders of thy patriot line,”
 A Raleigh,² Hampden,³ and a Somers⁴ shine.
 These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
 Their future sons the great example taught :
 While in each youth th’ hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish’d, and the same !

197

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
 ’Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.

I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown’d, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister’d shade,⁵
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade ;
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

210

And see, great father of the sacred band,
 The Patriot King⁶ before me seems to stand.
 He by the bloom of this gay vale beguiled,
 That cheer’d with lively green the shaggy wild,
 Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
 The Muse in prattling infancy convey’d ;
 From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix’d her cradle on my friendly shore :
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
 Soon stream’d her blessings o’er th’ enlighten’d land. 220
 Though simple was the dome where first to dwell
 She deign’d, and rude her early Saxon cell,

¹ ‘Lo! these,’ &c. : from Mason’s ‘Elegy.’ — ² ‘Raleigh :’ Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devonshire in 1552. In 1568, or thereabouts, he became a Commoner of Oriel College. — ³ ‘Hampden :’ John Hampden, that wise statesman, as he was called by his friends, became a Commoner of Magdalen College in the year 1609, aged 15 years. — ⁴ ‘Somers :’ the celebrated Lord Chancellor was a native of Worcester, 1652, and educated at the college-school there ; where he was soon distinguished for the quickness and solidity of his parts, and became afterwards a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity College. — ⁵ ‘The Muses, in yon cloister’d shade,’ &c. : Edward the Black Prince, as well as Henry V., whom, by the way, there was a good opportunity of mentioning in this place, was a member of Queen’s College. — ⁶ ‘Patriot King :’ Alfred.

Lo! now she holds her state in sculptured bowers, 223
 And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred towers.

'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
 Adorn'd, as he advanced, his country's cause :
 He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
 And soothed to soft society's control
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
 Elate he views his laurell'd progeny : 230

Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He form'd the rudiments of Learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race exprest :
 Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive !
 (Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unsullied on his ancient diadem ;)

Well pleased, that at his own Pierian springs
 She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings ; 240
 That here at last she takes her destined stand,
 Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE
 FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

1 O FOR the warblings of the Doric oat,¹
 That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide !
 Or Mulla's Muse, who changed her magic note
 To chant how dear the laurell'd Sidney died !
 Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
 And with due cypress-crown thy hearse, O Frederic, hung.

¹ 'Doric oat:' Milton's 'Lycidas' is alluded to.

- 2 But though my novice-hands are all too weak
 To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
 The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
 Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild ;
 A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace
 The prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.
- 3 How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
 To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride ;
 Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
 And rural walks on Isis' tufted side ;
 To rove at large amid the landscapes still,
 Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad hill !
- 4 How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
 Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
 With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
 His temples binding with domestic bays :
 Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
 Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot !
- 5 How with discerning choice, to nature true,
 He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
 Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
 The banks of silver Helicon beset :
 Nor seldom waked the Muse's living lyre
 To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire !
- 6 How to the few with sparks ethereal stored,
 He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
 But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
 Soothing with verse divine the toil of state !
 Hence fired, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
 And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE
SECOND.

TO MR SECRETARY PITT.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave !
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays !

O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal ;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view 10
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspired to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause !
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore :
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispensed in Græcia's golden days ; 20
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero¹ stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's² raptur'd eye disclosed
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave reposed .

¹ ' Scepter'd Hiero : ' Hiero was Tyrant of Syracuse about five hundred years before Christ. — ² ' Mild Theron : ' agreeably to the character given of him,

Yet still beneath the throne, unbribed, she sate, 27
 The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state ;
 Pleased in the radiance of the regal name
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
 For, taught like ours, she dared, with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependence to divide :
 Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame as George's trophied throne ? 40
 At whose firm base thy steadfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :
 Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
 Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim :
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms : 50
 Again the lords of Albion's cultured plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
 Flamed in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :

Olymp. ii. 165 and following verses. Theron was Tyrant of Agrigentum ;
 his victories are celebrated in the 2d and 3d Olympick Odes.

For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd, 59
 To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
 In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;
 One common cause one common end prescribes :
 Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
 For 'tis not hers, by false connexions drawn,
 At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn ; 70
 Each native effort of the feeling breast,
 To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress :
 'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew :
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race :
 With happier tasks, and less refined pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd Munificence 80
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command :
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial Muse
 From that calm Bower,¹ which nursed thy thoughtful youth
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth ; 90

¹ 'From that calm Bower : ' Trinity College, Oxford : in which also Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the 'Oceana,' were educated.

Where first the form of British Liberty 91
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye ;
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
 Where once (for well she loved the friendly grove
 Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
 Her whispers waked sage Harrington to feign
 The blessings of her visionary reign ;
 That reign, which, now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream, 100
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favour'd isle.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE
THE THIRD.

TO HER MAJESTY.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
 Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;
 When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
 Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;
 What bright ideas of the new domain
 Form'd the fair prospect of thy promised reign !
 And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
 That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat :
 Lo ! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage 10
 Has glow'd untamed through many a martial age.
 Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
 Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good :
 Here Henry's archers framed the stubborn bow
 That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low ;

Here waked the flame, that still superior braves 15
 The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
 Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
 Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
 Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
 And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall ; 20
 While chiefs, like George, approved in worth alone,
 Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamant zone.
 Lo ! the famed isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
 What fertile fields her temperate suns display !
 Where Property secures the conscious swain,
 And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
 Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
 Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
 Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
 And future navies crown her darksome hills. 30
 To bear her formidable glory far,
 Behold her opulence of hoarded war !
 See, from her ports a thousand banners stream ;
 On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
 Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
 In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
 Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
 Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
 And oh ! bless'd queen, if e'er the magic powers
 Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ; 40
 Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
 Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptured lore,
 Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreathed,
 In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breathed :
 While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
 Of Paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
 Here Spenser tuned his mystic minstrelsy,
 And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue, 49
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :
 But chief, the dreadful group of human woes
 The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
 Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest !
 Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's Muse of fire
 High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
 And told the golden ties of wedded love
 In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
 Where Science sits enshrined in roofs sublime. 60
 O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
 O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
 Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
 Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
 Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
 Entwine thy diadem with honour due ;
 If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
 To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
 Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
 To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ; 70
 Pleased in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
 To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside :
 Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
 That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
 With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race !
 But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
 Thus stand supreme, in Nature's choicest charms ;
 Though George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own ; 80
 And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
 Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR.)

IMPERIAL Dome¹ of Edward, wise and brave !
 Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave ;
 At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
 Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds :
 Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
 In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance ;
 Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
 That graced its gorgeous festivals of yore ;
 Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
 So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites, 10
 As when, high throned amid thy trophied shrine,
 George shone the leader of the garter'd line ?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain ;
 Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train :
 For lo ! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir !
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promised prime,
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime : 20
 The patriot sire shall catch, with sure presage,
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly dye,
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,

¹ ' Imperial Dome : ' Windsor Castle, built by Edward the Third.

In the young champion's musing mind shall raise 29
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils ;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye ;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers ;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place. 40

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth :
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursling unreluctant bore ;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace ;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue. 50

And oh, young Prince, be thine his moral praise ;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride ;
O'er the vex'd plain when the shrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun ;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array ;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight ; 60
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine : no dazzling ray 63
 Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.
 Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
 Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm :
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung !

Instead of glorious feats achieved in arms,
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms ! 70
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise :
 Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
 Bid thy famed father's mighty triumphs pass :
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
 And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boast,
 Thy tournaments, and listed combats lost !
 From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn
 Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn ! 80
 Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
 At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright Order bursts to perfect day :
 The mystic round,¹ begirt with bolder peers,
 On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears ;
 Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve,
 Sees meek Humanity distress relieve ;
 Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace. 90

¹ 'The mystic round : ' Arthur's Round Table, called above, ver. 79, ' Arthur's Board.' Tradition considers the Order of the Garter as a revival of Arthur's fabled institution of the Round Table.

VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'
PAINTED WINDOW

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass !
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind !
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page,—
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme ; 10
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in gaint mould ;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ; 20
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clue,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
Where Superstition, with capricious hand,
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued ;

To suit the genius of the mystic pile : 29
 Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
 And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
 Her dark illumination wide she flung,
 With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
 The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
 From bliss long felt unwillingly we part :
 Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
 Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
 Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam !
 That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
 Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray ! 40

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
 But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?
 No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
 That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
 For when again I view thy chaste design,
 The just proportion, and the genuine line ;
 Those native portraitures of Attic art,
 That from the lucid surface seem to start ;
 Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
 Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray ; 50
 The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
 That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise ;
 'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;
 The feature blooming with immortal life :
 The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
 Not with ambitious ornaments to glow ;
 The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;
 Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
 O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child : 60
 Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
 Which late my visionary rapture fed ;

Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain, 63
 And brought my bosom back to truth again ;
 To truth, by no peculiar taste confined,
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;
 To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
 Checks frail caprice, and Fashion's fickle claim ;
 To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
 And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell. 70

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crisped niche ;
 Ye rows of Patriarchs, that, sublimely rear'd,
 Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard :
 Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display :
 Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown :
 Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine : 80
 Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
 That draw Devotion's ready tear no more :
 Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
 Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise :
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike !
 Ye Colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze !
 No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groups the shining space. 90
 Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own !
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain !
 The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil ;

But calls the lineaments of life complete 97
 From genial alchymy's creative heat ;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
 To add new lustre to religious light :
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
 Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge ;
 Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fringed,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged ;
 Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles enclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embowering shade, 10
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made ;
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
 Framed of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe :
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand ;

An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall ;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me Pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

—————Præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene!—

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriffe ; 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held,
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
 And drifting hail descend ; or if the skies
 Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault
 Raptured thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds ; secure, self-blest,
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
 Of fleets encountering, that in whispers low

Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st 15
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres !
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
 Congenial with my soul ; to cheerless shades,
 To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bowers,
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse, 20
 Her favourite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
 Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
 In sportive round, while from their hands they shower
 Ambrosial blooms and flowers, no longer charm ;
 Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
 Adieu, green vales ! ye broider'd meads, adieu !
 Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
 Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
 Where through some western window the pale moon 30
 Pours her long-level'd rule of streaming light ;
 While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bower
 Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
 Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
 Invests some wasted tower. Or let me tread
 Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mused of old
 The cloister'd brothers : through the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch 40
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
 'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wan heaps ; while airy voices talk
 Along the glimmering walls ; or ghostly shape
 At distance seen, invites with beckoning hand

My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults. 49
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start : lo, all is motionless around !
 Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
 O then how fearful is it to reflect,
 That through the still globe's awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me ! till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born, 60
 My senses lead through flowery paths of joy ;
 But let the sacred Genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
 When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
 To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
 Th' unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,
 When in abstracted thought he first conceived
 All heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
 Come towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
 Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles, 70
 As listening to the distant waterfall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west ;
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then, when the sullen shades of evening close,
 Where through the room a blindly-glimmering gleam
 The dying embers scatter, far remote
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that through th' illumined roof
 Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore 80
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,

As through the wilderness of life we rove. 83
 This sober hour of silence will unmask
 False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
 Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
 With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
 That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught 90
 Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refined,
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
 From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
 Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
 Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
 Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
 Reclined, she watch'd the tapers of the dead ;
 Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines 100
 Of imaged saints, and intermingled graves,
 Mused a veil'd votaress ; than Flavia feels,
 As through the mazes of the festive ball,
 Proud of her conquering charms and beauty's blaze,
 She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
 And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
 And the blest regent of the golden day
 Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
 How oft my wishes ask the night's return, 110
 That best befriends the melancholy mind !
 Hail, sacred Night ! thou too shalt share my song !
 Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecate, hail !
 Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail !

What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress train, 117
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody caldron bless ;
 Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
 Summons her slow-eyed votaries to devise
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
 In hideous conference sits the listening band,
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound ;
 What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
 As all-benighted in Arabian wastes
 He hears the wilderness around him howl
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
 'The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats ;
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind 130
 Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
 Even then, in youthful pride of opening May,
 When from the portals of the saffron east
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
 While through the damp air scowls the lowering south,
 Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim :
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves 140
 Hail not the sullen gloom ; the waving elms
 That, hoar through time, and ranged in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs ;
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
 A mournful train : secure the village hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm ;
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough :
 Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts 150

Of early hunter : all is silence drear ; 151
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Through Pope's soft song though all the Graces breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page ;
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclined,
 In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
 Weary, forlorn ; than when the fated fair ¹ 160
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
 Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls ?
 O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt 170
 To Melody's assuasive voice ; to bend
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
 And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
 By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
 Oft interrupted ; in embowering woods
 By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair :
 And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
 The water's murmuring lapse, th' entranced eye 180
 Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
 Of thick-ranged trees ; till haply from the depth
 The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,

¹ 'The fated fair : ' see 'Rape of the Lock.'

Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms 184
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
 These are delights that absence drear has made
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
 When from her violet-woven couch awaked
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek 190
 Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bower
 Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistening green
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight :
 These are delights unknown to minds profane,
 And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,
 Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
 The many-sounding organ peals on high,
 The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
 Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies, 200
 And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
 Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
 Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
 And solitude returns, would I forsake
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound. 210

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
 Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love :
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb

Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips, 218
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught :
 Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
 Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
 From my swollen eyes ; and at a brother's woe
 My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
 Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?
 To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
 Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
 Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar 230
 Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
 In distant ken discover trackless plains,
 Where Winter ever whirls his icy car ;
 While still repeated objects of his view,
 The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
 That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
 While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
 Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
 With sad-returning chime awakes new grief ;
 Even he far happier seems than is the proud, 240
 The potent satrap, whom he left behind
 'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
 In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
 With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
 Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
 Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
 What dædal landscapes smile ! here palmy groves,
 Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
 Amid whose umbrage green her silver head 250
 Th' unfading olive lifts ; here vine-clad hills

Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales 252
 In prospect vast their level laps expand,
 Amid whose beauties glistening Athens towers.
 Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
 His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
 The thick-wove laurel shades ; though roseate Morn
 Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene ;
 Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
 As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs 260
 He views the piles of fallen Persepolis
 In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
 Unbounded waste ! the mouldering obelisk
 Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds ;
 Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
 Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,
 Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
 And the deaf adder wreaths her spotted train,
 The dwellings once of elegance and art.
 Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds 270
 Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
 Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass :
 Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
 From their firm base, increase the mouldering mass.
 Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
 Of sunk magnificence ! a blended scene
 Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
 Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.
 O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought !
 O come with saintly look, and steadfast step, 280
 From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
 Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
 Listening thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
 Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
 But never let Euphrosyne beguile

With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind, 286
 Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
 Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
 Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view ;
 Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bower
 With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :
 What though 'tis hers to calm the lowering skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heaven
 New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;
 Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
 Than all her witless revels happier far ;
 These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then, ever-beauteous Contemplation, hail ! 300
 From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
 With thee shall end ; for thou art fairer far
 Than are the nymphs¹ of Cirrha's mossy grot ;
 To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
 Than all the fabling Poet's boasted powers.
 Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,
 Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;
 And piteous bore with hospitable hand
 To the close shelter of his oaken bower. 310
 There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
 Of solemn musing in your pensive thought ;
 For when a smiling babe, you loved to lie
 Oft deeply listening to the rapid roar
 Of wood-hung Menai, stream of Druids old.

¹ 'Nymphs : ' Muses.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE.

- 1 BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

- 2 Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

- 3 At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds you shrubby mound ;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount :

Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

4 At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Portray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn ;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropp'd with gold.

5 While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state ?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice gray ;
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR
 SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true Charity ;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTA
NEAR THE WATER.

1 THE Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

2 Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear ;
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

EPITAPH ON MR. HEAD.

O spare his youth, O stay thy threatening hand,
Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band !
But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taste refined,
A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain,
O let the mourning Bride, to stop thy spear,
Oppose the meek resistance of a tear !
And when to soothe thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail !

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

JOB, XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heavenly wisdom bless thy tongue,
When teems the Mountain Goat with promised young ;
The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain ;
While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth ;
Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food ?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood ?

Say, whence the Wild Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroll'd, unconscious of the rein. 10

'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home ;
He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice ;
At will on every various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,
Enslaved to man, and patient of the stall ?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy share ? 20
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His labouring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf ?
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the destined road ?

Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dyes ?
Whose hand the stately Ostrich has supplied
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride ?

Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way 29
 Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray ;
 Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
 Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
 In her no love the tender offspring share,
 No soft remembrance, no maternal care ;
 For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
 Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,
 Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
 Outstrip the rider's rage, and tower amidst the skies.

Didst thou the Horse with strength and beauty deck ?
 Hast thou in thunder clothed his nervous neck ? 40
 Will he, like grovelling grasshoppers afraid,
 Start at each sound, at every breeze dismay'd ?
 A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
 And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
 He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
 Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
 When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
 Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear ?
 Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
 " Is this," he cries, " the trumpet's warlike sound ? " 50
 Eager he scents the battle from afar,
 And all the mingling thunder of the war.

Flies the fierce Hawk by thy supreme command,
 To seek soft climates, and a southern land ?
 Who bade th' aspiring Eagle mount the sky,
 And build her firm ærial nest on high ?
 On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
 Her fortress of defence she dares to keep ;
 Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
 Inquisitive to ken the distant prey ; 60
 Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguined plain,
 There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

A PASTORAL IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XX.

- 1 As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kiss,
She with discourtesee reproved my will ;
"Dost thou," she said, "affect so pleasant bliss,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile ?
Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep."
- 2 As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdainig eyed my shape askaunce :
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.
- 3 Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair ?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms ?
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms :
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.
- 4 My lip with vermil was embellished,
My bagpipe's notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My look was blythe as Margaret's at the mill.

- 5 But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
 A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love ;
 Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late,
 That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove ;
 Nor that a heavenly god, who Phœbus hight,
 To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.
- 6 Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,
 That all my dolour and my shame has made !
 Nor does remembrance of her own delight
 For me one drop of pity sweet persuade !
 Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
 Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss !

FROM HORACE, Book III. OD. 13.

- 1 YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
 Blandusian fount ! to whom the products sweet
 Of richest vines belong,
 And fairest flowers of Spring ;
- 2 To thee a chosen victim will I kill,
 A goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,
 Just blooms with budding horn,
 And destines future war,
- 3 Elate in vainest thought : but ah ! too soon
 His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute
 Thy icy-flowing flood,
 And tinge thy crystal clear.

- 4 Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
 Can ne'er invade : thy streams the labour'd ox
 Refresh with cooling draught,
 And glad the wandering herds.
- 5 Thy name shall shine with endless honour graced,
 While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,
 That o'er thy cavern deep
 Waves his embowering head.
-

FROM HORACE, BOOK III. OD. 18.

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

- 1 FAUNUS, who lovest to chase the light-foot Nymphs,
 Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
 And nurse with kindly care
 The promise of my flock.
- 2 So to thy power a kid shall yearly bleed,
 And the full bowl to genial Venus flow ;
 And on thy rustic shrine
 Rich odours incense breathe :
- 3 So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
 When thy December comes, and on the green
 The steer in traces loose
 With the free village sport ;
- 4 No more the lamb shall fly th' insidious wolf,
 The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
 The ground, where once he dug,
 Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODES.

THE HAMLET. AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.¹

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

10

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue :
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay :

¹ ' Whichwood forest : ' in Oxfordshire.

ODE TO SLEEP.

- 1 ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep !
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest :
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.
- 2 O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And soothe my throbbing pulse with lenient hand ;
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm !—
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.
- 3 Yet ah ! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.
- 4 Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm :
 Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepared, but still delays, to strike.

 ODE WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY¹
 IN CHESHIRE.

- 1 As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
 No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
 Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
 Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

¹ 'Vale-royal Abbey:' a Monastery for Cistercian Monks, founded by King Edward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when

- 2 How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mused !
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow ;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffused
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow !
- 3 The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strewn,
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.
- 4 The prickly thistle sheds its plummy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
With rich reflection of the storied glass.
- 5 Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrined in gorgeous imagery ;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.
- 6 There oxen browse, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms ;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.
- 7 By the slow clock, in stately-measured chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

in danger of being shipwrecked during his return from a crusade. It was first founded at Dernhall in the same county in the year 1270, fifty-fourth of the reign of Henry III. But afterwards, Edward I., in the twenty-seventh year of his own reign, translated it to a place on the river Wever, not far distant, to which he on this occasion gave the name of The Vale-royal, and granted to the abbot and convent several parishes, lands, &c., adjoining.

- 8 High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, ranged in long array
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twins), the taper'd rites betray.
- 9 Even now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire),
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.
- 10 As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal ?
- 11 For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise :
- 12 Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguiled,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd ;
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd :
- 13 Yet hence, enthroned in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispensed her store :
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor !
- 14 Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows ;
Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

- 15 Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage ;
Here raptured see Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.
- 16 Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof ;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And ranged the cluster'd column, massy proof.
- 17 Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dared attempt the day ;
But patient traced upon the pictured page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.
- 18 Hither the solitary minstrel came
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tuned his bold harp to tales of chivalry.
- 19 Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone ;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.
- 20 Thus sings the Muse :—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles :
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.
- 21 But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse ;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen :
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

- 22 From these deserted domes new glories rise ;
 More useful institutes, adorning man,
 Manners enlarged, and new civilities,
 On fresh foundations build the social plan.
- 23 Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
 Essays, escaped from Superstition's shrine ;
 While freed Religion, like primeval light
 Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

ODE TO SOLITUDE,

AT AN INN.

OFF upon the twilight plain,
 Circled with thy shadowy train,
 While the dove at distance coo'd,
 Have I met thee, Solitude !
 Then was loneliness to me
 Best and true society.
 But ah ! how alter'd is thy mien
 In this sad deserted scene !
 Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
 Musing mild, and thoughtful peace :
 Here thou comest in sullen mood,
 Not with thy fantastic brood
 Of magic shapes and visions airy
 Beckon'd from the land of Faery :
 'Mid the melancholy void
 Not a pensive charm enjoy'd !
 No poetic being here
 Strikes with airy sounds mine ear ;

No converse here to Fancy cold 19
 With many a fleeting form I hold,
 Here all inelegant and rude
 Thy presence is, sweet Solitude.

ODE SENT TO MR UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

- 1 As oft, reclined on Cherwell's shelving shore,
 I traced romantic Spenser's moral page,
 And soothed my sorrows with the dulcet lore
 Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age ;

- 2 Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
 O'er the loved strain had cast his dim disguise ;
 As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
 Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

- 3 Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
 To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground :
 His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
 And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

- 4 Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
 The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
 Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
 And broke with golden spear the mighty spell :

- 5 The dauntless maid with hardy step explored
 Each room, array'd in glistening imagery ;
 And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stored,
 Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.¹

¹ See 'Faerie Queene,' iii. 2, 5.

- 6 At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
 She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
 Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
 Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.
- 7 At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
 Her painted wings Imagination plumes ;
 Pleased that her laureate votary's rescued song
 Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

THE SUICIDE. AN ODE.

- 1 BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave ;
 Within a solitary grave,
 A Slayer of himself holds his accursed abode.
- 2 Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
 Damp mists involved the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day ;
 As by the brook, that lingering laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.
- 3 I mark'd his desultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound ;
 And ah ! too late, aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand imbrued ;
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

- 4 Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light ;
 And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.
- 5 Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood :
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.
- 6 Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd ;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.
- 7 " Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
" Is this the youth, whose genius high
 Could build the genuine rhyme ?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stored with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime ?"
- 8 Ah ! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguiled,
 To strike the deathful blow :
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refined,
And roused to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe

- 9 Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love ;
 To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than Nature gave he knew,
While Misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.
- 10 Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew :
Nor oh ! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green swelling buds to vegetate anew.
- 11 What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought ?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.
- 12 What though refused each chanted rite ?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
 To touch the shadowy shell :
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.
- 13 To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
 Within an ivied nook :
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

- 14 " Forbear, fond Bard, thy partial praise ;
 Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
 The wreath of glory twine :
 In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
 Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
 Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.
- 15 " Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
 Permits through life at large to rove
 The tribes of hell-born Woe :
 Yet the same Power that wisely sends
 Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.
- 16 " Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
 And stay'd the rising storm :
 Had bade the sun of hope appear
 To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
 And give the wonted bloom to Nature's blasted form.
- 17 " Vain man ! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 Thy tributary breath :
 In awful expectation placed,
 Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of
 death."

ODE, SENT TO A FRIEND,¹

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH, mourn, thou loved retreat! No more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 Who now shall climb its brows to view
 The length of landscape, ever new,
 Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
 Her varied vesture far and wide?
 Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm; 10
 The flinty dovecot's crowded roof,
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof;
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 Darkens the long-deserted hall;
 The veteran beech, that on the plain
 Collects at eve the playful train;
 The cot that smokes with early fire,
 The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
 Who now shall indolently stray
 Through the deep forest's tangled way; 20
 Pleased at his custom'd task to find
 The well known hoary-tressed hind,
 That toils with feeble hands to glean
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
 Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
 Lost in some melancholy fit,
 And listening to the raven's croak,
 The distant flail, the falling oak?

¹ 'Sent to a friend:' to his brother, Dr Joseph Warton, who, at the time of this Ode being written (1750), was just leaving his residence at Wynslade, near Basingstoke, and going abroad with Charles Duke of Bolton.

Who, through the sunshine and the shower, 29
 Descry the rainbow-painted tower ?

Who, wandering at return of May,
 Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay ?

Who musing waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embower

The grassy lane so rarely paced,
 With azure flowerets idly graced ?

Unnoticed now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn ;

Nor fond attention loves to note

The wether's bell from folds remote : 40

While, own'd by no poetic eye,

Thy pensive evenings shade the sky !

For, lo ! the Bard who rapture found

In every rural sight or sound ;

Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,

No charm of genuine nature pass'd ;

Who felt the Muse's purest fires,—

Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :

Who peopled all thy vocal bowers

With shadowy shapes and airy powers. 50

Behold, a dread repose resumes,

As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !

From the deep dell, where shaggy roots

Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,

Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,

His primrose chaplet rudely torn.

With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake

The pathless copse and hedgerow brake :

Where the delved mountain's headlong side

Its chalky entrails opens wide, 60

On the green summit, ambush'd high,

No longer Echo loves to lie.

No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look, 63
 Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
 No fairies run in fiery rank ;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown, 70
 The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
 Her bright ideal offspring calls.
 So by some sage enchanter's spell
 (As old Arabian fablers tell),
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smiled ;
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd ; 80
 Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show,
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew : 90
 Dun clouds obscured the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mould :
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd ;
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

MORNING. AN ODE.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

- 1 ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
 The fields as with a purple robe adorn :
 Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glistering streams
 All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn ;
 Through the deep groves I hear the chanting birds,
 And through the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.
- 2 Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
 Well pleased the progress of the spring to mark,
 The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
 And startle from her couch the early lark ;
 More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
 Than high-throned kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.
- 3 The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook ;
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills ;
 There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.
- 4 But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,
 And grief and darkness all for light and grace ;))
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
 Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

5 Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
 With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains ;
 Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
 My roving genius binds in Gothic chains ;
 Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
 Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.¹ AN ODE.

1 ALL pensive from her osier-woven bower
 Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
 Pale Eve began the steaming mist to pour,
 And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge :
 She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
 And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair :

2 " Ah ! why," she cried, " should Isis share alone
 The tributary gifts of tuneful fame !
 Shall every song her happier influence own,
 And stamp with partial praise her favourite name ?
 While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
 Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

3 " No chosen son of all yon fabling band
 Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse ;
 Nor sees my coral-cinctured stole expand
 Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues :
 No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
 Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.

¹ ' Cherwell : ' a river near Oxford.

- 4 " In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high ;
Lo ! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery :
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen ?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.
- 5 " Proud Nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung),
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay ;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady lake.
- 6 " Vain bards ! can Isis win the raptured soul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades ?
Whose waves, in measured volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades :
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenced by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.
- 7 " Lo ! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide ;
The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side :
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
Mid the moist lilies sits, attired in mantle dank.
- 8 " No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song :
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among ;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

- 9 " Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene ;
 So to new notes shall my coy Echo string
 Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
 And the slow pace of Contemplation bring :
 Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy
 To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.
- 10 " What'er the theme ; if unrequited love
 Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe ;
 Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
 Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath ;
 Here hail the Muses : from the busy throng
 Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts the
 song."

ODE ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
 Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
 The boisterous boy the fair denies,
 Or with a scornful smile complies.
 Mindful of disaster past,
 And shrinking at the northern blast,
 The sleety storm returning still,
 The morning hoar, and evening chill ;
 Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
 Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
 Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
 That clothe the garden's southern bound :
 Scarce a sickly straggling flower
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's entangled steps :

O'er the field of waving broom 17
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom ;
 And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
 Tinctures the transitory gale.
 While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
 Where the vegetable blaze
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
 Every chequer'd charm is flown ;
 Save that the lilac hangs to view
 Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand :
 The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades : 30
 Fringing the forest's devious edge,
 Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge ;
 Or to the distant eye displays
 Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
 Skims in haste the village green :
 From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
 The screaming plovers idly spring :
 The butterfly, gay painted soon,
 Explores awhile the tepid noon ; 40
 And fondly trusts its tender dyes
 To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
 If a cloud should haply lower,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark ;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
 And from behind his watery veil
 Looks through the thin descending hail ; 50

She mounts, and, lessening to the sight, 51
 Salutes the blithe return of light,
 And high her tuneful track pursues
 Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
 Widely-waving oaks enclose
 The moat of yonder antique hall,
 Swarm the rooks with clamorous call ;
 And to the toils of nature true,
 Wreath their capacious nests anew. 60

Musing through the lawny park,
 The lonely poet loves to mark
 How various greens in faint degrees
 Tinge the tall groups of various trees ;
 While, careless of the changing year,
 The pine cerulean, never sere,
 Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
 And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
 Where Glym's¹ low banks neglected smile ; 70
 And each trim meadow still retains
 The wintry torrent's oozy stains :
 Beneath a willow, long forsook,
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;
 And bursting through the crackling sedge,
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
 He startles from the bordering wood
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
 Frisk the lambs with faltering pace, 80
 And with eager bleatings fill
 The fosse that skirts the beacon'd hill.

¹ 'Glym : ' a small river in his own parish of Kiddington.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke 83
 To lordly man's usurping yoke,
 The bounding colt forgets to play,
 Basking beneath the noontide ray,
 And stretch'd among the daisies pied
 Of a green dingle's sloping side :
 While far beneath, where Nature spreads
 Her boundless length of level meads, 90
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
 Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance ;
 The field, the forest, green and gay,
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay ; 100
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And Plenty load her ample horn.

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
 To bleak Siberian waste !
 Haste to thy polar solitude ;
 Mid cataracts of ice,

Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude, 5
 From many an airy precipice,
 Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
 Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers ;
 Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
 Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls, 10
 On ebon throne thou lovest to shroud
 Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Even now, before the vernal heat,
 Sullen I see thy train retreat :
 Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
 That on a ravenous tiger rides,
 Dim-figured on whose robe are shown
 Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :
 Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
 In mantle clad of watchet¹ hue : 20
 And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
 Still threatening with his arrows keen ;
 And next, in furry coat embost
 With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell ! thy forests hoar,
 Thy frozen floods delight no more ;
 Farewell the fields, so bare and wild !
 But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
 Sweetest Summer ! haste thee here,
 Once more to crown the gladden'd year. 30
 Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
 Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,
 With musky nectar-trickling wing,
 (In the new world's first dawning spring),
 To gather balm of choicest dews,
 And patterns fair of various hues,

¹ ' Watchet : ' an old word for pale blue.

With which to paint, in changeful dye, 37
 The youthful earth's embroidery ;
 To cull the essence of rich smells
 In which to dip his new-born bells ;
 Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
 He found an infant, smiling sweet ;
 Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd
 The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
 There on an amaranthine bed,
 Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;
 Till soon beneath his forming care,
 You bloom'd a goddess debonair ;
 And then he gave the blessed isle
 Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile : 50
 There placed thy green and grassy shrine,
 With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :
 And to thy care the task assign'd
 With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
 His roseate infant-births to rear,
 Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
 Haste thee, Nymph ! and hand in hand,
 With thee lead a buxom band ;
 Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
 With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy : 60
 Leisure, that through the balmy sky
 Chases a crimson butterfly.
 Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
 To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;
 Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
 Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess !
 And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
 Light, and for ever on the wing.
 Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
 On river-margins, mossy green. 70

But who is she, that bears thy train, 71
 Pacing light the velvet plain ?
 The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
 Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;
 'Tis May, the Grace—confess'd she stands
 By branch of hawthorn in her hands :
 Lo ! near her trip the lightsome Dew,
 Their wings all tinged in iris-hues ;
 With whom the powers of Flora play,
 And paint with pansies all the way. 80

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
 Has dress'd the groves in livery green ;
 When in each fair and fertile field
 Beauty begins her bower to build ;
 While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
 Puts her matron-mantle on,
 And mists in spreading steams convey
 More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
 Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
 Contemplation hoar to meet, 90

As slow he winds in museful mood,
 Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood ;
 Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
 Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
 All playful yet, in years unripe,
 To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
 There through the dusk but dimly seen,
 Sweet evening objects intervene :
 His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
 Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants, 100
 The woodman, speeding home, awhile
 Rests him at a shady stile.
 Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
 Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;

Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom, 105
 Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume :
 Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
 To bathe in dew my roving feet :
 Nor wants there note of Philomel,
 Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell : 110
 Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
 Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot :
 Rustle the breezes lightly borne
 O'er deep embattled ears of corn :
 Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
 Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.
 Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
 The ruby chambers of the west !
 That all aslant the village tower
 A mild reflected radiance pour, 120
 While, with the level-streaming rays
 Far seen its arched windows blaze :
 And the tall grove's green top is dight
 In russet tints, and gleams of light :
 So that the gay scene by degrees
 Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies ;
 And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
 Portrays her kindred visions bright.
 At length the parting light subdues
 My soften'd soul to calmer views, 130
 And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
 As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
 Till from the path I fondly stray
 In musings lapp'd, nor heed the way ;
 Wandering through the landscape still,
 Till Melancholy has her fill ;
 And on each moss-wove border damp
 The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noontide hour, 139
 Sits throned in his highest tower ;
 Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead :
 To mix in rural mood among
 The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
 Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
 The russet piles to lean beneath :
 There as my listless limbs are thrown
 On couch more soft than palace down ;
 I listen to the busy sound
 Of mirth and toil that hums around ; 150
 And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
 Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer shower,
 When the bright sun's returning power,
 With laughing beam has chased the storm,
 And cheer'd reviving Nature's form ;
 By sweetbrier hedges, bathed in dew,
 Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
 There issuing forth the frequent snail
 Wears the dank way with slimy trail, 160
 While, as I walk, from pearled bush
 The sunny-sparkling drop I brush,
 And all the landscape fair I view
 Clad in robe of fresher hue :
 And so loud the blackbird sings,
 That far and near the valley rings.
 From shelter deep of shaggy rock
 The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
 From bowering beech the mower blithe
 With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ; 170
 While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
 His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat, 173
 Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
 O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
 Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;
 Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
 Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;
 Which, as they gush upon the ground,
 Still scatter misty dews around : 180
 A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
 Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;
 Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
 Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;
 Or noontide grot where Sylvan sleeps
 In hoar Lycæum's¹ piny steeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
 While all without is scorch'd in day ;
 Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
 His withering hawthorn on the heath ; 190
 The drooping hedger wishes eve,
 In vain, of labour short reprieve !
 Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
 Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands ;
 Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
 Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
 Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
 Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
 How does he wish some cooling wave
 To slake his lips, or limbs to lave ! 200
 And thinks, in every whisper low,
 He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
 Dim temple of sage Solitude !

¹ 'Lycæum' was a mountain in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.

There within a nook most dark, 205
 Where none my musing mood may mark,
 Let me in many a whisper'd rite
 The Genius old of Greece invite,
 With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
 Which for his chosen imps he twined, 210
 Well nurtured in Pierian lore,
 On clear Ilissus' laureate shore—
 Till high on waving nest reclined,
 The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
 Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
 Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
 Nod their tall heads to breezes weak :
 In the midst, with sedges gray
 Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way, 220
 And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
 Around an oozy freshness breathes.
 O'er the solitary green,
 Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :
 Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
 Save that by fits an heifer lows :
 A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
 To rear him a lone hermitage ;
 Fit place his pensive eld might choose
 On virtue's holy lore to muse. 230

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,
 Some more romantic scene might please ;
 Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
 By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn :
 Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,
 By legendary pens portray'd.
 Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
 On that hoar hill's aërial height,

In solemn state, where waving wide, 239
 Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
 The rugged vaults and riven towers
 Of that proud castle's painted bowers,¹
 Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
 In Scotland's martial days of old,
 Descended from the stately feast,
 Begirt with many a warrior guest,
 To quell the pride of Norway's king,
 With quivering lance and twanging string.
 As through the caverns dim I wind,
 Might I that holy legend find, 250
 By fairies spelt² in mystic rhymes,
 To teach inquiring later times,
 What open force, or secret guile,
 Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole
 First issues from her eastern goal,
 Let not my due feet fail to climb
 Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
 Whence Nature's universal face
 Illumined smiles with new-born grace ; 260
 The misty streams that wind below
 With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;
 The groves and castled cliffs appear
 Invested all in radiance clear ;
 O ! every village charm beneath !
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !
 O beauteous rural interchange !
 The simple spire, and elmy grange !³

¹ 'Painted bowers : ' the allusion is to the ballad of Hardyknute :—

'My youngest son sall here remain
 To guard these stately *touris*,
 And shut the silver bolt that keips
 Sae fast zour *painted bowris*.'

² 'Spelt : ' Saxon for narrated.—³ 'Grange : ' a lonely farm-house.

Content, indulging blissful hours, 269
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
 And cattle, roused to pasture new,
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O Summer mild,
 Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :
 Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
 Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
 What fires within my bosom wake,
 How glows my mind the reed to take !
 What charms like thine the Muse can call,
 With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ; 280
 With whom each field's a paradise,
 And all the globe a bower of bliss !
 With thee conversing, all the day,
 I meditate my lightsome lay.

These pedant cloisters let me leave,
 To breathe my votive song at eve,
 In valleys, where mild whispers use
 Of shade and stream to court the Muse ;
 While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
 I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge. 290

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
 And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
 I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
 And make an humble thatch my home,
 Which sloping hills around enclose,
 Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;
 Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
 Its tides a far-famed river pours :
 By Nature's beauties taught to please,
 Sweet Tusculane¹ of rural ease ! 300

¹ 'Tusculane : ' Tuseulanum, or Ager Tusculanus, the country about Tusculum, where Cicero had a villa.

Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed 301
 Who loves to rest her gentle head.

For not the scenes of Attic art
 Can comfort care, or soothe the heart :
 Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
 For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
 Send me a little, and content ;
 The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
 The social scene of dear delight : 310
 The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.

Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit :
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise :
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
 And paint heroic ancient deeds : 320
 To chant famed Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in sable mail ;
 Or wandering Brutus'¹ lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy
 Let me live true votary !
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland !
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flowerets o'er my head : 330
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,

¹ ' Brutus : ' fabled to have brought the Trojans to Britain and founded a kingdom.

The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride ;
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever held in holy trance.

THE CRUSADE. AN ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING RICHARD the First, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provençal minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold Duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment ; and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer ; and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following Ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the Minstrel and King Richard.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
 Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
 All in azure steel array'd ;
 O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
 And made the dancing billows glow ;
 High upon the trophied prow,
 Many a warrior-minstrel swung
 His sounding harp, and boldly sung :
 " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
 English Richard ploughs the deep !

Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy, 11
 From distant towers, with anxious eye,
 The radiant range of shield and lance
 Down Damascus' hills advance :
 From Sion's turrets, as afar,
 Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
 Saladin, thou Paynim king,
 From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
 On Acon's spiry citadel,
 Though to the gale thy banners swell, 20
 Pictured with the silver moon ;
 England shall end thy glory soon !
 In vain, to break our firm array,
 Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
 Those sounds our rising fury fan :
 English Richard in the van,
 On to victory we go,
 A vaunting infidel the foe."
 Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand. 30
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
 Far along the smiling main
 Echo'd the prophetic strain.
 Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
 That gave a murder'd Saviour birth ;
 Then, with ardour fresh endued,
 Thus the solemn song renew'd :
 " Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
 Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last ! 40
 Object of our holy vow,
 We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
 From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
 We feel the cheering fragrance creep :

O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm 45
 Waves the date-empurpled palm ;
 See Lebanon's aspiring head
 Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
 Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 Wet with our Redeemer's gore ! 50
 Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
 Your ravish'd honours to restore,
 Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
 And thou, the sepulchre of God !
 By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 Bereft of every awful rite,
 And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
 For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
 Lo, Richard leads his faithful host ! 60
 Aloft in his heroic hand,
 Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
 O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 Resistless Kaliburn¹ he wields.
 Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
 Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ; 70
 And, rolling in terrific state,
 On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
 Amid the moonlight vapours damp,

'Kaliburn : ' Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur ; which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the First, and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred, King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190.

Thy necromantic forms, in vain, 75
 Haunt us on the tented plain :
 We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !¹
 With many a demon, pale of hue,
 Doom'd to drink the bitter dew 80
 That drops from Macon's sooty tree,²
 Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 The Christian's holy courage quell.
 " Salem, in ancient majesty
 Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 Soon on thy battlements divine
 Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
 Our Cross with crimson wove and gold ! " 90

¹ 'Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt : ' Ashtaroth is mentioned by Milton as a general name of the Syrian deities, 'Par. Lost,' i. 422. And Termagaunt is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens. See Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. i. p. 74. — ² 'Macon's sooty tree : ' Macon is Mahomet. A part of the punishment denounced on the wicked by the Koran is, that they should dwell under the shade of a black smoke, drink filthy water, and eat of the fruit of the tree of Al Zakkum, a thorny tree, which grows in Tehâma, and bears fruit like an almond, but extremely bitter.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR. AN ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING HENRY the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or *The Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: when, digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the groundwork of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The Castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire, and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer :
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state,
 And warlike splendour, Henry sate ;
 Prepared to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flamed aloof :
 From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-window'd hall,

The storied tapestry was hung : 15
 With minstrelsy the rafters rang
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,¹ 20
 From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale,² and Cader's crown,³
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,⁴
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme : 30
 " O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;
 On Tintagel's⁵ topmost tower
 Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
 Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 On each tall rampart's thundering side
 The surges of the tumbling tide :
 When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
 On conscious Camlan's⁶ crimson'd banks : 40

¹ 'Nurse of song:' the isle of Anglesea, which he calls with propriety *nurse of song*, as being the residence of our 'old Bards the famous Druids.'—

² 'Elvy's vale:' the Elvy is a small river, which rises in Denbighshire.—

³ 'Cader's crown:' *i. e.*, Cader Idris, 'the giant's chair.'—⁴ 'Ierne's hoarse abyss:' the Irish Channel, the tempestuousness of which is properly pointed out by the epithet 'hoarse.'—⁵ 'Tintagel:' Tintagel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided.—⁶ 'Camlan:' on the north coast of Cornwall, not far from Tintagel.

By Mordred's faithless guile decreed 41
 Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 Yet in vain a Paynim foe
 Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
 For when he fell, an Elfin Queen,
 All in secret, and unseen,
 O'er the fainting hero threw
 Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
 And bade her spirits bear him far,
 In Merlin's agate-axled car, 50
 To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
 Far in the navel of the deep.
 O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 From flowers that in Arabia grew :
 On a rich enchanted bed
 She pillow'd his majestic head ;
 O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;
 And to soft music's airy sound,
 Her magic curtains closed around. 60
 There, renew'd the vital spring,
 Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 Blooming in immortal prime,
 By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
 Owns the monarch's high command :
 Thence to Britain shall return
 (If right prophetic rolls I learn),
 Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
 His ancient sceptre to resume ; 70
 Once more, in old heroic pride,
 His barbed courser to bestride ;
 His knightly table to restore,
 And the brave tournaments of yore."

They ceased : when on the tuneful stage 75
 Advanced a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard, all white as spangles frore
 That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar, 80
 Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
 With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
 His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,
 And thus he waked the warbling wire :
 " Listen, Henry, to my read !¹
 Not from fairy realms I lead
 Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
 In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
 Though much of old romantic lore
 On the high theme I keep in store : 90
 But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
 Where Truth the strain might best become.
 If thine ear may still be won
 With songs of Uther's glorious son,²
 Henry, I a tale unfold,
 Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
 Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower ;
 Which in my youth's full early flower,
 A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine, 100
 Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 What time the glistening vapours fled
 From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's³ head ;
 And on its sides the torrents gray
 Shone to the morning's orient ray.

¹ ' Read : ' old word for ' rhyme.'—² ' Uther's glorious son : ' Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, by Igerne, wife of Gorlois, Prince of Cornwall.

—³ ' Clyder,' or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest, 107
 No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
 Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;
 Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
 Slaughter'd kings in glory go :
 But when he fell, with winged speed,
 His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 From the battle's hurricane,
 Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
 In the fair vale of Avalon :¹
 There, with chanted orison,
 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 The stoled fathers met the bier ; 120
 Through the dim aisles, in order dread
 Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
 Before the altar's solemn bound.
 Around no dusky banners wave,
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;
 And long, o'er the neglected stone,
 Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown : 130
 The faded tomb, with honour due,
 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
 Thither, when Conquest has restored
 Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
 When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
 Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 There, observant of my lore,
 The pavement's hallow'd depth explore ;

¹ 'Vale of Avalon:' Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia.

And thrice a fathom underneath 139
 Dive into the vaults of death.
 There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 All in warrior-weeds array'd,
 Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 And weapons huge of old renown.
 Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
 From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
 So may thy ships securely stem
 The western frith : thy diadem 150
 Shine victorious in the van,
 Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
 Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 Up the dun rocks of Harald's Bay :¹
 And from the steeps of rough Kildare
 Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
 So may thy bow's unerring yew
 Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."

Amid the pealing symphony
 The spiced goblets mantled high ; 160
 With passions new the song impress'd
 The listening king's impatient breast :
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
 He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
 Even now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace,
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wondrous tomb :
 Even now he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear, 170

¹ ' Harald's Bay : ' the bay of Dublin, from Harald the Fair-haired, the reputed founder of that city.

Rough with the gore of Pictish kings : 171
 Even now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made ;
 And drag to day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Even now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine. 180

ODE FOR MUSIC,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD,
 ON JULY 2, 1751,

Being the Anniversary appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham,
 for the Commemoration of Benefactors to the University.

RECITAT. ACCOMP.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell,
 Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
 The solemn strain delights to swell ;
 Oh ! where shall Clio choose a race,
 Whom Fame, with every laurel, every grace,
 Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd ?

CHORUS.

Daughter and mistress of the sea,
 All-honour'd Albion, hail !
 Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,

Ne'er shall she find a land like thee, 10
 So brave, so learned, and so free ;
 All-honour'd Albion, hail !

RECIT.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
 Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
 Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
 That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
 Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrined :

AIR I.

Where Isis' waters wind
 Along the sweetest shore,
 That ever felt fair Culture's hands, 20
 Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
 Lo ! where majestic Oxford stands ;

CHORUS.

Virtue's awful throne !
 Wisdom's immortal source !

RECIT.

Thee well her best beloved may boasting Albion own,
 Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
 All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
 In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
 From age to age has still successive stream'd ;
 Where Learning and where Liberty have nursed, 30
 For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
 Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

RECITAT. ACCOMP.

In ancient days, when she, the Queen endued
 With more than female fortitude,

Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight ; 35
 Ofttimes, in adamantine arms array'd,
 Pallas descended from the realms of light,
 Imperial Britoness ! thy kindred aid.

As once, all glowing from the well-fought day,
 The goddess sought a cooling stream, 40
 By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
 Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.

 Eager she view'd the wave,
 On the cool bank she bared her breast,
 To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave ;
 And thus the watery nymph address'd :

AIR II.

“ Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
 Thy sweet refreshing stores impart :
 A goddess from thy mossy brink
 Asks of thy crystal stream to drink : 50
 Lo ! Pallas asks the friendly gift ;
 Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
 Rise from the wave, propitious power,
 O listen from thy pearly bower.”

RECIT.

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
 As lonesome, in her secret cell,
 In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
 She ranged the many-tinctured shell :
 Then from her work arose the Nais mild :

AIR III.

She rose, and sweetly smiled 60
 With many a lovely look,
 That whisper'd soft consent :

RECIT.

She smiled, and gave the goddess in her flood 63
 To dip her casque, though dyed in recent blood ;
 While Pallas, as the boon she took,
 Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment :

AIR IV.

“ For this, thy flood the fairest name
 Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
 Best favourite of the sons of fame,
 Of every tuneful breast the pride : 70
 For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
 Where now the cowslip paints the green
 With unregarded grace,
 Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
 As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
 She bends her silent pace ;
 Lo ! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
 A far-famed city shall her turrets rear ;

RECIT.

There all her force shall Pallas prove ;
 Of classic leaf with every crown, 80
 Each olive, meed of old renown,
 Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
 I'll bid her blooming bowers abound ;
 And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
 To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
 The trophy of my gratitude !
 The temple of my power !”

RECIT.

Nor was the pious promise vain ;
 Soon illustrious Alfred came,

And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain. 9
 Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait.

AIR V. AND CHORUS.

Alfred, majestic name,
 Of all our praise the spring !
 Thee all thy sons shall sing,
 Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath :
 In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
 To thee, Great Romulus of Learning's richest state.

RECIT.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
 Oxford, thy rising temples own ;
 Soon many a sage munificent, 100
 The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument,
 That Pallas vow'd.

RECIT. ACCOMP.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
 Majestic in the moss of time ;
 Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
 'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
 Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
 Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd ; 110
 Nor decent Doric to dispense
 New charms 'mid old magnificence ;
 And here and there soft Corinth weaves
 Her dædal coronet of leaves ;

DUET.

While, as with rival pride, their towers invade the sky, 115
 Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
 Which shall deserve the foremost place,
 Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

RECIT.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise :
 Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre 120
 With hands most skilful ; have their brows entwined
 With every fairest flower of Helicon,
 The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir ;
 And bade the musing mind
 Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
 And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won ;

AIR VI.

But that thy sons have dared to feel
 For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal ;
 With British breast, and patriot pride,
 Have still Corruption's cup defied ; 130
 In dangerous days untaught to fear,
 Have held the name of honour dear.

RECIT.

But chief on this illustrious day,
 The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
 Erewhile she strove with accents weak
 In vain to build the lofty rhyme ;
 At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
 She dares unfold her wing.

AIR VII.

Hail, hour of transport most sublime !
 In which, the man revered, 140

Immortal Crew commands to sing, 141
 And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

CHORUS.

Blest prelate, hail !
 Most pious patron, most triumphant theme !
 From whose auspicious hand
 On Isis' towers new beauties beam,
 New praise her Nursing-Fathers gain ;
 Immortal Crew !
 Blest prelate, hail !

RECIT.

Even now fired Fancy sees thee lead 150
 To Fame's high-seated fane
 The shouting band !
 O'er every hallow'd head
 Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread ;
 Alfred superior smiles the solemn scenc to view ;

AIR VIII.

And bids the goddess lift
 Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
 O Crew, thy consecrated gift,
 And echo with his own in social strains thy name.
[*Chorus repeated.*

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1785.

AMID the thunder of the war,
 True glory guides no echoing car ;
 Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath,
 Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath ;
 No plumed hosts her tranquil triumphs own ;
 Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
 To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
 And deck her chosen throne.

On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
 With the flowering olive twined 10
 High she hangs the hero's spear,
 And there with all the palms of peace combined,
 Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear.
 To kings like these, her genuine theme,
 The Muse a blameless homage pays ;
 To George of kings like these supreme
 She wishes honour'd length of days,
 Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
 And teach the regal bounty how to flow. 20
 His tutelary sceptre's sway
 The vindicated arts obey,
 And hail their patron king ;
 'Tis his to judgment's steady line
 Their flights fantastic to confine,
 And yet expand their wing ;
 The fleeting forms of fashion to restrain,
 And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.

Sculpture, licentious now no more,
 From Greece her great example takes,
 With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
 And spurns the toys of modern lore :
 In native beauty simply plann'd,
 Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend ;
 The Graces guide the painter's hand,
 His magic mimicry to blend. 29

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
 Amid the proud display,
 Those gems around the throne he throws,
 That shed a softer ray : 40
 While from the summits of sublime renown
 He wafts his favour's universal gale,
 With those sweet flowers he binds a crown,
 That bloom in Virtue's humble vale :
 With rich munificence the nuptial tie
 Unbroken he combines,
 Conspicuous in a nation's eye
 The sacred pattern shines.
 Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
 To spread the lustre of domestic praise, 50
 To softer Emulation's holy flame,
 To build Society's majestic frame,
 Mankind to polish, and to teach,
 Be this the monarch's aim ;
 Above Ambition's giant reach
 The monarch's meed to claim.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1786.

“DEAR to Jove, a genial isle
 Crowns the broad Atlantic wave ;
 The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
 And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime :
 There, in many a fragrant cave,
 Dwell the Spirits of the brave,
 And braid with amaranth their brows sublime.”
 So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore ;
 And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest

A visionary shore, 10
 That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
 Through the dark volume of futurity :
 Nor knew that in the bright attire they drest
 Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West ;
 Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
 And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme ?
 Mark the deeds from age to age,
 That fill her trophy-pictured page ;
 And see, with all its strength, untamed by time, 20
 Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
 O'er Calpe's cliffs,¹ and steepy towers,
 When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
 And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw ;
 While far along the midnight main
 Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew ;

¹ ' Calpe's cliffs : ' Gibraltar.

How triumph'd Elliot's patient train, 27
 Baffling their vain confederate foes !
 And met th' unwonted fight's terrific form ;
 And hurling back the burning war, arose
 Superior to the fiery storm !

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll
 Beneath the torpid pole,
 Nor to the brooding tempest heaves ?
 Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves,
 The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
 In vain his adamant breastplate wears :
 To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
 She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice ;
 O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears : 40
 And rousing far around the polar sleep,
 Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
 She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.
 She speeds, at George's sage command,
 Society from deep to deep,
 And zone to zone she binds ;
 From shore to shore, o'er every land,
 The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
 Her own rich woof's exhaustless store ; 50
 Her native fleece new fervour feels,
 And wakens all its whirling wheels,
 And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye ;
 More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
 In firmer bands domestic Commerce weds,
 And calls her sister-isle to share the tie :
 Nor heeds the violence that broke
 From filial realms her old parental yoke !

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome, 59
 Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof ;

Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
 Stands the Briton's social home.—

Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot !
 Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain ;
 Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,
 And watch around the forest cot.

With conscious certainty, the swain
 Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
 With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes ;
 And claims the ripe autumnal gold, 70
 The meed of toil, of industry the prize.

For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
 Whose hand the people's sceptre sways ;
 Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,
 Whose active plans pervade the civil frame,
 Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
 And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
 Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
 Each captious doubt, and cautious fear ! 80

Nor blast the new-born year,
 That anxious waits the Spring's slow-shooting ray :
 Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.

With candid glance, th' impartial Muse,
 Invoked on this auspicious morn,
 The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
 And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom :
 Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
 Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
 That Albion still shall keep her wonted state ! 90

Still in eternal story shine,
 Of Victory the sea-beat shrine ;
 The source of every splendid art,
 Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.

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ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4. 1786.

WHEN Freedom nursed her native fire
 In ancient Greece, and ruled the lyre ;
 Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
 The tinsel gifts of flattery tore ;
 But paid to guiltless power their willing vow :
 And to the throne of virtuous kings,
 Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
 From truth's unprostituted store,
 The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord ; 10
 And Pindar on the Persian lord
 His notes of indignation hurl'd,
 And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
 From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame ;¹
 But o'er the diadem, by Freedom's flame
 Illumed, the banner of renown unfurl'd :

¹ 'Extorting conscious shame : ' by his allusions to the victories gained by the Greeks in the Persian war, when the Thebans and most of the other Bœotians disgracefully deserted the common cause of Greece, and sided with the invader of their country.

Thus to his Hiero decreed, 17
 'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
 The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay ;
 And gave an ampler meed
 Of Pisan palms, than in the field of Fame
 Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed :
 And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
 Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal ;
 From civil plans who claim'd applause,
 And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
 Theocritus, forsook awhile
 The graces of his pastoral isle,¹
 The lowing vale, the bleating cote, 30
 The clusters on the sunny steep,
 And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
 The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
 The cliffs that waved with oak and pine,
 And Etna's hoar romantic pile :
 And caught the bold Homeric note,
 In stately sounds exalting high
 The reign of bounteous Ptolemy :²
 Like the plenty-teeming tide
 Of his own Nile's redundant flood, 40
 O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
 Diffusing opulence and public good ;
 While in the richly-warbled lays
 Was blended Berenice's name,³

¹ 'Isle : ' Siely. — ² 'Bounteous Ptolemy : ' see the 17th 'Idyllium' of Theocritus. The Ptolemy celebrated by him was the second of that name, King of Egypt, surnamed Philadelphus. — ³ 'Berenice's name : ' see Theocritus, as above. The Berenice here intended was the wife of Ptolemy Lagus, and mother of Philadelphus, the patron of Theocritus.

Pattern fair of female fame, 45
 Softening with domestic life
 Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
 The queen, the mother, and the wife !

To deck with honour due this festal day,
 O for a strain from these sublimer bards ! 50
 Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
 Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
 Invoked the jealous panegyric Muse ;
 Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
 Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
 Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards !
 For peerless bards like these alone,
 The bards of Greece might best adorn,
 With seemly song, the Monarch's natal morn ;
 Who, throned in the magnificence of peace, 60
 Rivals their richest regal theme :
 Who rules a people like their own,
 In arms, in polish'd arts supreme ;
 Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

IN rough magnificence array'd,
 When ancient Chivalry display'd
 The pomp of her heroic games ;
 And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
 Assembled, at the clarion's call,
 In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantic glory's genial rites 7

Associate of the gorgeous festival,

The Minstrel struck his kindred string,

And told of many a steel-clad king,

Who to the tourney train'd his hardy knights ;

Or bore the radiant red-cross shield

'Mid the bold peers of Salem's field ;

Who traversed pagan climes to quell

The wizard foe's terrific spell ;

In rude affrays untaught to fear

The Saracen's gigantic spear.

The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme

With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes sublime.

Such were the themes of regal praise 20

Dear to the Bard of elder days ;

The songs, to savage virtue dear,

That won of yore the public ear !

Ere Polity, sedate and sage,

Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,

Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,

And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—

No more, in formidable state,

The castle shuts its thundering gate ;

New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life ; 30

No more, bestriding barbed steeds,

Adventurous Valour idly bleeds :

And now the Bard, in alter'd tones,

A theme of worthier triumph owns ;

By social imagery beguiled,

He moulds his harp to manners mild ;

Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,

Nor hails the hostile forms that graced the Gothic throne.

And now he tunes his plausible lay 39
 To Kings, who plant the civic bay ;
 Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
 Diffusing commerce, peace, and art ;
 Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
 And triumph in a nation's pride ;
 Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd nook,
 Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide ;
 Who love to view the vale divine,¹
 Where revel Nature and the Nine,
 And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook ;
 To Kings, who rule a filial land, 50
 Who claim a People's vows and prayers,
 Should Treason arm the weakest hand !
 To these his heartfelt praise he bears,
 And with new rapture hastes to greet
 This festal morn, that longs to meet,
 With luckiest auspices, the laughing Spring ;
 And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing !

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1787.

THE noblest Bards of Albion's choir
 Have struck of old this festal lyre.
 Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,
 Had dared to break her Gothic chain,
 Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
 Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow :

¹ 'The vale divine : ' Nuncham, near Oxford, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt.

Fired with the gift, he changed to sounds sublime 7
 His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime ;
 In tones majestic hence he told
 The banquet of Cambuscan bold ;¹
 And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
 Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
 His martial master's knightly board,
 And Arthur's ancient rites restored ;
 The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
 And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath renown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
 The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
 Sage Spenser waked his lofty lay
 To grace Eliza's golden sway : 20
 O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
 He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
 And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
 And roved through many a necromantic vale,
 Portraying chiefs that knew to tame
 The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
 To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
 Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
 From fabling Fancy's inmost store
 A rich romantic robe he bore ; 30
 A veil with visionary trappings hung,
 And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
 To light the Muses' clearer flame ;
 To lofty numbers grace to lend,
 And strength with melody to blend ,

¹ 'Banquet of Cambuscan bold : ' see 'Il Penseroso,' ver. 109.

To triumph in the bold career of song,
 And roll th' unwearied energy along. 37
 Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
 Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays ?
 I spurn his panegyric strings,
 His partial homage, tuned to kings !
 Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
 That paints th' impassion'd Persian lord,¹
 By glory fired, to pity sued,
 Roused to revenge, by love subdued ;
 And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
 That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's² deadly vase.

Had these blest Bards been call'd, to pay
 The vows of this auspicious day, 50
 Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
 A mightier sovereign than his own !
 Chaucer had made his hero-monarch yield
 The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
 To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
 That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm :
 His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
 His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
 Spenser had cast in scorn away,
 And deck'd with truth alone the lay ; 60
 All real here, the Bard had seen
 The glories of his pictured Queen !
 The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
 His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere !

¹ 'Persian lord:' Ode on Alexander's Feast. — ² 'Theban pair, and Tancred:' Palamon and Arcite, Sigismunda and Guiscardo.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

RUDE was the pile, and massy proof,
 That first uprear'd its haughty roof
 On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state :
 The Norman tyrant's¹ jealous hand
 The giant fabric proudly plann'd :
 With recent victory elate,
 " On this majestic steep," he cried,
 A regal fortress, threatening wide,
 Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills ;
 Its formidable shade shall throw 10
 Far o'er the broad expanse below,
 Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
 With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
 The fairest fields that deck my new domain !
 And London's towers, that reach the watchman's eye,
 Shall see, with conscious awe, my bulwark climb the sky."

Unchanged, through many a hardy race,
 Stood the rough dome in sullen grace ;
 Still on its angry front defiance frown'd :
 Though monarchs kept their state within, 20
 Still murmur'd with the martial din
 The gloomy gateway's arch profound ;
 And armed forms, in airy rows,
 Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
 And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head ;
 And oft its hoary ramparts wore
 The rugged scars of conflict sore ;
 What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,

¹ 'Norman tyrant : ' William the First, by whom a castle was first erected at Windsor, in order to serve as a defence of his newly-acquired power.

Th' indignant Barons ranged in bright array¹ 29
 Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway ;
 And, leagued a Briton's birthright to restore,
 From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

When lo, the king,² that wreath'd his shield
 With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
 Heaved from its base the mouldering Norman frame !—
 New glory clothed th' exulting steep,
 The portals tower'd with ampler sweep ;
 And Valour's soften'd Genius came,
 Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
 Of triumph through the trophied hall ; 40
 And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds ;
 Amid the martial pageantries,
 While Beauty's glance adjudged the prize,
 And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
 Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal,³ to breathe
 A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
 Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
 And call'd his stripling-quire, to woo the willing Nine.

To this imperial seat to lend
 Its pride supreme, and nobly blend 50
 British magnificence with Attic art ;
 Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
 Lo ! Picture⁴ bids her glowing powers
 Their bold historic groups impart :
 She bids th' illuminated pane,⁵
 Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,

¹ 'Ranged in bright array,' &c. : the signing of Magna Charta, on Runnymede. — ² 'The king:' Edward the Third, the founder of Windsor Castle.

— ³ 'Henry's holy zeal,' &c. : Henry the Sixth, founder of Eton College. —

⁴ 'Picture:' the walls of Windsor are adorned by the Cartoons of Raphael.

— ⁵ 'Illuminated pane,' &c. : see 'Verses on Sir J. Reynolds' Window,' &c.,

Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.— 57
 Still may such arts of Peace engage
 Their Patron's care! But should the rage
 Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
 Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,
 Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!
 Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
 And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold the blow!

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1788.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
 To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
 'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
 Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
 She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
 In tones prophetic through the gloom profound
 Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
 From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
 Belinus⁶ call'd his painted tribes around,
 And, rough with many a veteran scar, 10
 Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
 While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain
 An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;

ver. 32. The allusion is to the painted window at the east end of St George's Chapel, representing our Saviour's Resurrection, painted by Jervais, and his pupil Forrest, after a design of Mr West. — ⁶ 'Belinus': Cassivellaunus, Cas-sibellaunus, or, as he is called by the old English historians, Cassibelinus. The Britons united under him, and resisted the second invasion of Cæsar, fifty-four years before Christ.

And left the stubborn isle to stand elate 14
 Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state !

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
 The sons of Saxon Elva bore ;
 Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
 Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
 In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne 20
 With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone ;
 Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
 Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within :
 Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
 They felt the fires of social zeal,
 The peaceful wisdom of the public weal ;
 Though nursed in arms and hardy strife
 They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life ;
 The king's, the people's, balanced claims to found
 On one eternal base, indissolubly bound. 30

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
 Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
 From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
 To genial England's scenes beguiled ;
 And in his clamorous van exulting came
 The demons foul of Famine and of Flame :
 Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
 With many a frowning fosse and airy mound,
 Which yet his desultory march proclaim !—
 Nor ceased the tide of gore to flow, 40
 Till Alfred's laws allured th' intestine foe ;
 And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
 To brave achievement, and to counsel sage ;
 For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
 Of brooding Virtue live, and Freedom's fairest deeds !

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave, 46
 The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
 New grace to Britain's naked plain,
 With Arts and Manners in his train ;
 And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
 In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time ;
 And castle fair, that, stript of half its towers,
 From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lowers :
 Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime ;
 Each eve, the curfew's notes severe
 ('That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
 At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land ;
 While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High raised his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway, 61
 For which, in many a fierce affray,
 The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
 His Danish javelins Leswin led¹
 O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke ?
 She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke :
 The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot steel,
 And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel ;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
 And still, unchanged and uncontroll'd, 70
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold ;
 For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A King new lustre lends to native laws !
 The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray !

¹ 'Leswin led : ' Leswin, or more properly Leoswin, brother of Harold killed fighting by his side at the battle of Hastings.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1789.

As when the demon of the Summer storm
 Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,
 Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
 And thick the bolts of angry Jove
 Athwart the watery welkin glide,
 And streams th' aërial torrent far and wide :
 If by short fits the struggling ray
 Should dart a momentary day,
 Th' illumined mountain glows awhile,
 By faint degrees the radiant glance 10
 Purples th' horizon's pale expanse,
 And gilds the gloom with hasty smile :
 Ah ! fickle smile, too swiftly past !
 Again resounds the sweeping blast,
 With hoarser din the demon howls ;
 Again the blackening concave scowls ;
 Sudden the shades of the meridian night
 Yield to the triumph of rekindling light ;
 The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
 And Nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array. 20

Such was the changeful conflict that possess'd
 With trembling tumult every British breast,
 When Albion, towering in the van sublime
 Of Glory's march, from clime to clime
 Envi'd, beloved, revered, renown'd,
 Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound,
 When, in her mid career of state,
 She felt her monarch's awful fate !

Till Mercy from th' Almighty throne 29
 Look'd down on man, and waving wide
 Her wreath, that, in the rainbow dyed,
 With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
 And bending from her sapphire cloud,
 O'er regal grief benignant bow'd ;
 To transport turn'd a people's fears,
 And stay'd a people's tide of tears :
 Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring,
 With hope serene, with healing on its wing ;
 And gave a Sovereign o'er a grateful land
 Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the scepter'd hand.

O favour'd king, what rapture more refined, 41
 What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
 Than what the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
 At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
 And hails its father, friend, and lord,
 To life's career, to patriot sway restored ;
 And bids the loud responsive voice
 Of union all around rejoice ?
 For thus to thee when Britons bow,
 Warm and spontaneous from the heart, 50
 As late their tears, their transports start,
 And Nature dictates duty's vow.
 To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
 Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
 Did crowded streets alone display
 The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray ?
 Meek Poverty her scanty cottage graced,
 And flung her gleam across the lonely waste !
 Th' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
 One social sacrifice of reverential love ! 60

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay, 61
 Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway ?
 Ah ! how unlike the vain, the venal lore,
 To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
 O'er guilty pomp, and hated power,
 When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower ;
 And slaves, to sovereigns unendear'd,
 Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd !
 For are the charities, that blend
 Monarch with man, to tyrants known ? 70
 The tender ties, that to the throne
 A mild domestic glory lend,
 Of wedded love the league sincere,
 The virtuous consort's faithful tear ?
 Nor this the verse, that flattery brings,
 Nor here I strike a Syren's strings ;
 Here kindling with her country's warmth, the Muse
 Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues ;
 Even needless here the tribute of her lay !—
 Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
 Delights the goddess Health to dwell ?
 Where from the rigid roof distils
 Her richest stream in steely rills ?
 What mineral gems entwine her humid locks ?
 Lo ! sparkling high from potent springs
 To Britain's sons her cup she brings !—

Romantic Matlock ! are thy tufted rocks, 8
 Thy fringed declivities, the dim retreat
 Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,
 And hears, reclined along the thundering shore,
 Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
 His rugged channel rudely chide ?

Darwent,¹ whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore !

Or does she dress her Naiad cave
 With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
 And hold short revels with the train
 Of Nymphs that tread the neighbouring main,
 And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side²
 Temper the balmy beverage pure, 20

That, fraught with drops of precious cure,
 Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride,
 That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
 And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose ?
 While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
 And calls her votaries wan to catch the gale,
 That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
 And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps !—

Or broods the Nymph with watchful wing
 O'er ancient Badon's³ mystic spring ? 30
 And speeds from its sulphureous source
 The steamy torrent's secret course ?
 And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
 In deep unfathom'd beds below
 By Bladud's magic⁴ taught to glow,

¹ 'Darwent : ' alluding to a victory over the Danes gained by Ethelfleda in 915. — ² 'Avon's cavern'd side : ' St Vincent's rocks, through which the Avon discharges itself into the Bristol Channel. — ³ 'Badon : ' one of the old British names of Bath was *Caer Badon*, the city of baths. — ⁴ 'Bladud's magic : ' 'The finding of these springs,' says Camden, 'is by our fabulous

Bladud, high theme of Fancy's Gothic lyre? — 36
 Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
 In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount,
 From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
 Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
 Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
 And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues?—

Haunts she the scene, where Nature lowers
 O'er Buxton's heath in lingering showers?—
 Or loves she more, with sandal fleet
 In matin dance the nymphs to meet,
 That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
 Who, boastful of the stately train,
 That deign'd to grace his simple plain,
 Late, with new pride, along his reedy way, 50
 Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
 And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.—
 Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
 Thy steps, O genial Health, yet not alone
 Thy gifts the Naiad-sisters own;
 Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar domain.

And lo! amid the watery roar
 In Thetis' car she skims the shore:
 Where Portland's brows,⁵ embattled high
 With rocks, in rugged majesty 60
 Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
 She beckons Britain's scepter'd pair
 Her treasures of the deep to share!—
 Hail, then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!

traditions referred to a British king called Bleyden Doyth, *i. e.*, Bleyden the Soothsayer.'—⁵ 'Portland's brows:' the isle of Portland. Their Majesties were at this time at Weymouth.

Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days 65
 To those who wear the noblest regal bays :
 That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
 Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
 Their dauntless banner bears sublime ;
 And wafts their pomp of war, and spreads their thunder
 wide ! 70

SONNETS.

I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE,¹ thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
 Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,²
 With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.

¹ ' Winslade : ' a place near Warton's native spot.—² ' He far distant strays,' &c. : his brother Dr Joseph Warton.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-throned in fiery chariot sheen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim :
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
 "MONASTICON."

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the Sage,
 By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
 Of painful Pedantry the poring child ;
 Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
 Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.¹
 Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled

¹ 'Henry's fiercer rage : ' dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.

On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage
 His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
 Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
 Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
 New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
 Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
 Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

 IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle !
 Whether by Merlin's aid¹ from Scythia's shore,
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon² bore,
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
 T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile :
 Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
 Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore :
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
 To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd :
 Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
 We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

¹ 'Whether by Merlin's aid,' &c. : one of the Bardish traditions about Stonehenge. — ² 'Pendragon :' Uther Pen-dragon, father of Arthur ; so called from a dragon which he bore on his helmet.

V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
 Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
 And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
 How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
 My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
 In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
 Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
 (To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
 Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
 She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
 Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
 Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
 And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

VI.

TO MR GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
 My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
 Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
 While slowly pacing through the churchyard dew,
 At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
 Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
 Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
 Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue

Of Edward's race, with murders foul defiled ;
 Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
 No, bard divine ! For many a care beguiled
 By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
 For many a raptured thought, and vision wild,
 To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

 VII.

WHILE Summer suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
 Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
 Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
 And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene,
 I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd ;
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
 Which late in careless indolence I pass'd ;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
 Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
 I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom !

 VIII.

TO THE RIVER LODON.¹

AH ! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,

¹ 'The River Lodon : ' near Basingstoke, Warton's native country.

And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun ;
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun !
 While pensive Memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between ;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road !
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature ;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

 IX.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, AT WINCHESTER.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
 Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fosse,
 And scatter'd flinty fragments¹ clad in moss,
 On yonder steep in naked state appears ;
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's Board : on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
 The Druid frame, unhonour'd falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
 And fade the British characters away ;
 Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
 Those Chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

¹ ' Scatter'd flinty fragments : ' on the south side of the king's house.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

NEWMARKET,

A SATIRE.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming Heir
Has lost the Parent's or the Guardian's care ;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy ?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what ?——to spend.

Some Squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups :
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with towering trees ;
Convinced too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove :
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires ;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame ;

10

By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd, 19
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground !

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good Knight at last retired to rest !
Behold the Youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park :
That park, where beauties undisguised engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age ;
In simple state where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great. 30
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green :
There the full stream through intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazel copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn. 40

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread,
Where crested Knights with peerless Damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have dined ;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth ! 50
At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.

With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms 53
 Descend to Gamesters, Prostitutes, and Grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smiled,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictured forms the stately gallery grace ;
 Debased, abused, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold. 60
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimneys blaze, the tables groan, no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns Atheist, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Player :
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain ! 70
 Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,¹
 He pierced heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
 Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed ;
 For Poets have, like you, their destined round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had carved sirloins in peace ; 80
 Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
 The mild October of a private life ;
 Long lived with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground ;

¹ 'The magic horse : ' Clavileno. See 'Don Quixote,' b. ii. chap. 41

And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's call, 85
 With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, 'Taafe, thy palms, Portmore!
 Tempt him to stake his lands and treasured store. 90

Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amidst the lists our Hero takes his stand ;
 Suck'd by the Sharper, to the Peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one inglorious heat
 Strips him of genial cheer and snug retreat.
 How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert !—
 The shiftless beggar bears of ill the worst,
 At once with dulness and with hunger curst. 100
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires ?
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver Squires ?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Britain, thy Couscript Counsellors behold ;
 (For some, perhaps, by Fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
 And scour in rival race the tempting plain. 110
 See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh ! the boasted privilege how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear !—
 See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race !
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose ?

Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks, 119
 Proud on a high-bred thing to risk their necks.—
 Thy sages hoar, amid th' admiring crowd,
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud :
 With critic skill o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide :
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanced horses gravely fix the fate :
 And with paternal care unwearied watch
 O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise : 130
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause :
 Neglect the councils of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.

Is this the band of civil Chiefs design'd
 On England's weal to fix the pondering mind,
 Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
 Quit Europe's balance for the Jockey's scale ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation or a match is lost ? 140

Who Dams and Sires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's Kings the sacred race :
 Think London journeys are the worst of ills ;
 Subscribe to articles, instead of bills :
 Strangers to all our annalists relate,
 Theirs are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
 Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
 Heber,¹ thy chronicles alone peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ; 150

¹ ' Heber : ' author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.

Till England see her thronging senators 151
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad :
 Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a steed or state.

How would a virtuous Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein ;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destined road ; 160
 And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each sordid toil of servile life !
 Yet, oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than human kind ;
 A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,
 That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race ;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo Squire ! 170

How are the Therons of these modern days
 Changed from those Chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays ;
 Who, fired with genuine glory's sacred lust,
 Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust !
 Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
 Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.
 What though the Grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds ?
 They won no bets,—but then they soar'd to gods ;
 And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
 Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd. 180

Greece ! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame !
 Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise
 In ancient pride before my musing eyes.

Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang, 185
 While just Lyncurgus pours the mild harangue ;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated Hero's¹ flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring ; 190
 And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream
 Hoar Plato walks his olived Academe. —

Yet, ah ! no more the land of arts and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo ! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
 Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age :
 No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the loved abode.
 Fallen is fair Greece ! by Luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduced, she drags a barbarous foreign chain. 200

Britannia, watch ! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
 Great Nurse of works divine ! Yet oh ! beware
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde ;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear
 With Spartan fortitude the British spear ;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
 Or of the moral or the martial deed. 210

¹ ' Fated Hero : ' Leonidas.

PROLOGUE ON THE OLD WINCHESTER
PLAYHOUSE,

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHO'E'ER our stage examines, must excuse
 The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse ;
 Then kindly listen, while the Prologue rambles
 From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles !
 Divided only by one flight of stairs,
 The Monarch swaggers, and the Butcher swears !
 Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
 From meek Monimia's moans to mutton chops !
 While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
 Old Women scold, and Dealers d——n your eyes ! 10
 Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
 There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
 Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
 And Heroes bleed above, and Sheep below !
 While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
 Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
 Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
 Kidneys and kings, mousing and marrow-bones.
 Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
 And form a tragi-comedy around. 20
 With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
 Confusion reigns—chaos is come again !
 Hither your steelyards, Butchers, bring, to weigh
 The pound of flesh Antonio's bond must pay !
 Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
 Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew !

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat, 27
 Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden meat—
 Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
 And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
 But would you to our house in crowds repair,
 Ye generous Captains, and ye blooming Fair,
 The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
 Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
 Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
 Nor pregnant Queens for cutlets long in vain.

A PANEGRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail, Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober evening let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul 10
 A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
 Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam

Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing Ale 18
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
 Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep Smiglecius¹ much I meditate ;
 While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of Logic ! But if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould, 30
 That long has stood the rage of conquering years
 Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
 Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries),
 Studious of ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs ; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
 While haply, to relieve the lingering hours 40
 In innocent delight, amusive Putt
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
 Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear ;
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands described to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row.—

¹ 'Smiglecius' a celebrated Logician, who lived at the latter end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century.

Hail, Ticking ! surest guardian of distress ! 49
 Beneath thy shelter, penniless I quaff
 The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cried ;—though much the Poet's friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise !

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of Pot-house snug to visit : wiser he
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
 Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
 Of loathed tobacco ne'er diffused its balm ; 60
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale :
 In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys ;
 Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess !

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
 All-powerful Ale ! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
 Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
 When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
 Not unexperienced ; while the tedious toil 70
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
 Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :
 Be mine each morn with eager appetite
 And hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly buttery ; there on smoking crust
 And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
 Material breakfast ! Thus in ancient days
 Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
 Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons 80
 Of modern times : nor ever had the might

Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.

82

With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
Of Laundress shrill awake my startled ear ;
Or Barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
Or Tailor with obsequious bow advance ;
Or Groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat : all-powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks :
Even Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

90

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-lived bounty to recall ?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicensed bliss ;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies ;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The worted trust, and Winter ticks no more.

100

110

Thus Adam, exiled from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, grieved, no more in fragrant bower
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale

No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot ;
 But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
 And unrejoicing solitudes to trace :
 Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
 The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
 Of lonesome garret, pined for cheerful Ale ;
 Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean follower : like him with honest love
 Of Ale divine inspired, and love of song.
 But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care
 Avert his hapless lot ! Enough for me
 That, burning with congenial flame, I dared
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
 And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN,

ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD
 GUIDE," &c.

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
 Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds
 Of lonesome Oseney ! what malignant fiend
 Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
 Hath base seduced ? urged thy apostate pen
 To trench deep wounds on Antiquaries sage,
 And drag the venerable fathers forth,
 Victims to laughter ? Cruel as the mandate
 Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoind
 To throw aside the reverend letters black
 And print fast-prayers in modern type !—At this

Leland, and Willis,¹ Dugdale, Tanner, Wood, 12
 Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hoped
 To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
 The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
 To deck Antiquity with flowerets gay.

But now may curses every search attend
 That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious door-ways! may revengeful moths 20
 Thy ledgers eat! may chronologic spouts
 Retain no cypher legible! may crypts
 Lurk undiscern'd! Nor may'st thou spell the names
 Of saints in storied windows! nor the dates
 Of bells discover! nor the genuine site
 Of Abbots' pantries! And may Godstowe² veil,
 Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms!

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.³

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
 And thus, in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing accosts a reverend tutor :

¹ 'Leland, and Willis,' &c. : names of celebrated antiquarians. — ² 'Godstowe:' near Oxford; celebrated in the history of Fair Rosamond. — ³ 'The Progress of Discontent.' This poem took its rise from an epigram, which our poet wrote as Scholar of Trinity College; and which, meeting with the approbation of the President, Dr Huddesford, Warton at his request paraphrased in English. The English poem was first published in the 'Student,' in the year 1750, and afterwards much altered and improved.

“ Sir, I’m a Glo’stershire divine, 7
 And this my eldest son of nine ;
 My wife’s ambition and my own
 Was that this child should wear a gown ;
 I’ll warrant that his good behaviour
 Will justify your future favour ;
 And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
 My son’s a very forward youth ;
 Has Horace all by heart—you’d wonder—
 And mouths out Homer’s Greek like thunder.
 If you’d examine—and admit him,
 A scholarship would nicely fit him ;
 That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;
 Your vote and interest, sir !”—’Tis done. 20

Our pupil’s hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship completed :
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains :
 In garret dark he smokes and puns ;
 A prey to discipline and duns ;
 And now, intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters¹ past,
 That utmost wish is crown’d at last : 30
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot :
 “ These fellowships are pretty things,
 We live indeed like petty kings :
 But who can bear to waste his whole age
 Amid the dulness of a college,

¹ ‘Nine full tedious winters :’ the scholars of Trinity are superannuated, if they do not succeed to fellowships in nine years after their election to scholarships.

Debarr'd the common joys of life, 37
 And that prime bliss—a loving wife !
 O ! what's a table richly spread,
 Without a woman at its head !
 Would some snug benefice but fall,
 Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
 To offices I'd bid adieu,
 Of Dean, Vice-Præs.—of Bursar too ;
 Come, joys that rural quiet yields,
 Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields !”
 Too fond of freedom and of ease
 A Patron's vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail Incumbent's doubtful health ; 50
 At length, and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops—two hundred clear !
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession,
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—
 “ What a convenient house ! how neat !
 For fuel here's sufficient wood :
 Pray God the cellars may be good !
 The garden—that must be new plann'd—
 Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ? 60
 O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 The flowery shrub of thousand dyes :—
 Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
 Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
 While thick beneath its aspect warm
 O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
 From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
 This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
 We'll alter to a modern privy : 70

Up yon green slope, of hazels trim, 71
 An avenue so cool and dim
 Shall to an harbour, at the end,
 In spite of gout, entice a friend.
 My predecessor loved devotion—
 But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson.
 To make his character entire,
 He weds—a Cousin of the Squire ; 80
 Not over weighty in the purse,
 But many Doctors have done worse :
 And though she boasts no charms divine,
 Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
 Finds his Church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning ;
 With tithes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ; 90
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews ;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melons of the year ; 100
 Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys ;
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast 105
 By cares domestic is oppress ;
 And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin :
 For children fresh expenses yet,
 And Dicky now for school is fit. 110
 " Why did I sell my college life,"
 He cries, " for benefice and wife ?
 Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
 I found in reading, or in leisure !
 When calm around the common-room
 I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !
 Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
 At annual bottlings, corks selected :
 And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
 The portrait of our pious Founder ! 120
 When impositions were supplied
 To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
 No cares were then for forward peas,
 A yearly-longing wife to please ;
 My thoughts no christening dinners crost,
 No children cried for butter'd toast ;
 And every night I went to bed,
 Without a Modus in my head !"
 Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart !
 Chagrin'd at whatsoever thou art ; 130
 A dupe to follies yet untried,
 And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !
 Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE PHAETON, AND THE ONE-HORSE
CHAIR.

AT Blaggrave's¹ once upon a time,
 There stood a Phaeton sublime :
 Unsullied by the dusty road,
 Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd ;
 Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
 Its harness tight, its lining new :
 No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
 Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
 But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
 And whirl o'er Campsfield's² tempting plains. 10
 Meantime it chanced, that hard at hand
 A One-Horse Chair had took its stand :
 When thus our vehicle begun
 To sneer the luckless Chaise and One :
 " How could my master place me here
 Within thy vulgar atmosphere ?
 From classic ground pray shift thy station,
 Thou scorn of Oxford education !—
 Your homely make, believe me, man,
 Is quite upon the Gothic plan ; 20
 And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design'd :
 Fit only, with a one-eyed mare,
 To drag, for benefit of air,
 The country parson's pregnant wife,
 Thou friend of dull domestic life !
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
 To carry Dicky on a stool :

¹ 'Blaggrave:' well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763. —

² 'Campsfield:' in the road to Blenheim.

Or, haply, to some christening gay 29
 A brace of godmothers convey.—
 Or, when blest Saturday prepares
 For London tradesmen rest from cares,
 'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial Sunday !
 'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
 When timely showers the dust have laid,
 To bear some alderman serene
 To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
 Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
 Among the polish'd sons of Isis. 40
 Hired for a solitary crown,
 Canst thou to schemes invite the gown ?
 Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
 With hat new cock'd, and newly laced,
 O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
 At humble Dorchester to dine !
 Meantime remember, lifeless drone !
 I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
 And oh ! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn at Abingdon or Henley, 50
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels !
 And think, obedient to the thong,
 How yon gay street we smoke along :
 While all with envious wonder view
 The corner turn'd so quick and true."
 To check an upstart's empty pride,
 Thus sage the One-Horse Chair replied :
 " Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
 What's all your spirit and parade ? 60
 From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
 To broken bones and impositions !

Or if no bones are broke, what's worse, 63
 Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse.¹
 On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
 From One-Horse Chairs men rise to Coaches ;
 If calm Discretion's steadfast hand
 With cautious skill the reins command.
 From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
 O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings : 70
 And Innocence reflects her ray
 To gild my calm sequester'd way :
 Even kings might quit their state to share
 Contentment and a One-Horse Chair.—
 What though, o'er yonder echoing street
 Your rapid wheels resound so sweet ;
 Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
 A Rattle of a larger size ? ”

Blgrave, who during the dispute
 Stood in a corner, snug and mute, 80
 Surprised, no doubt, in lofty verse
 To hear his Carriages converse,
 With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
 To me disclosed this wondrous tale :
 I straight despatch'd it to the Muse,
 Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
 And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
 Added this moral at the close :

“ Things may be useful, though obscure ;
 The pace that's slow is often sure : 90
 When empty pageantries we prize,
 We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
 The Golden Mean can best bestow
 Safety for unsubstantial show.”

¹ ‘Glass and Nourse :’ surgeons in Oxford.

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

- 1 ALL hail, ye Curls, that, ranged in reverend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide !
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride !
- 2 High on your summit, Wisdom's mimick'd air
Sits throned, with Pedantry her solemn sire,
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.
- 3 O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws ;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.
- 4 Can thus large Wigs our reverence engage ?
Have Barbers thus the power to blind our eyes ?
Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,
By Bayliss,¹ Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise ?
- 5 But thou, farewell, my Bob ! whose thin-wove thatch
Was stored with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
That love to live within the one-curl'd Scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.
- 6 Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd ;
At eve my careless round in High Street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

¹ ' Bayliss,' &c. : eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.

- 7 No more the wherry feels my stroke so true ;
 At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play ?
 Woodstock, farewell ! and Wallingford, adieu !
 Where many a scheme relieved the lingering day.
- 8 Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
 Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob :
 Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
 Beneath the Liceat of an humble Bob.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with such success—alas ! till
 The war came on—have shaved the Castle ;
 Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
 The boldest heroes oft have taken ;
 In humble strain am doom'd to mourn
 My fortune changed, and state forlorn !
 My soap scarce ventures into froth,
 My razors rust in idle sloth !
 Wisdom ! to you my verse appeals ;
 You share the griefs your Barber feels : 10
 Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
 To stock your desolated college.
 Our trade how ill an army suits !
 This comes of picking up recruits.
 Lost is the Robber's occupation ;
 No robbing thrives—but of the nation :

For hardy necks no rope is twisted, 17
 And even the hangman's self is listed.—
 Thy Publishers, O mighty Jackson !
 With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
 Warning to youth no longer teach,
 Nor live upon a dying speech.
 In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
 No more the Castle-chaplain preaches.
 Oh ! were our troops but safely landed,
 And every regiment disbanded !
 They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
 On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain ;
 Destined at home, in peaceful state,
 By me fresh-shaved, to meet their fate ! 30
 Regard, ye Justices of Peace !
 The Castle Barber's piteous case :
 And kindly make some snug addition,
 To better his distress'd condition.
 Not that I mean, by such expressions,
 To shave your worships at the sessions ;
 Or would, with vain presumption big,
 Aspire to comb the Judge's wig :—
 Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
 Far humbler hopes my views confine.— 40
 Then think not that I ask amiss ;
 My small request is only this,
 That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
 May, with the Castle—shave Bocardo.¹
 Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
 Rough servitors in Wales preferr'd,
 The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
 Keep fiddles with their Benefices.

¹ ' Bocardo : ' the name of a prison in Oxford.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

 FOR THE YEAR 1760.

'THINK of the Palms, my masters dear !
 That crown this memorable year !
 Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
 To Britain's Heroes brisk and bold ;
 While into rhyme I strive to turn all
 'The famed events of many a *Journal*.

France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
 'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloupe :
 What though they dress so fine and jaunty ?
 They could not keep Marigalante. 10
 Their forts in Afric could not repel
 The thunder of undaunted Keppel :
 Brave Commodore ! how we adore ye
 For giving us success at Goree.
 Ticonderoga, and Niagara,
 Make each true Briton sing O rare-a !
 I trust the taking of Crown-Point
 Has put French courage out of joint.
 Can we forget the timely check
 Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec ?— 20
 That name has stopp'd my glad career,—
 Your faithful Newsman drops a tear !—

But other triumphs still remain,
 And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers !
 Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.

You vainly thought to ballarag us 27
 With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos ;
 But when Boscawen came, La Clue¹
 Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
 Conflans,² all cowardice and puff,
 Hoped to demolish hardy Duff ;
 But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,
 Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
 And now their vaunted *Formidable*
 Lies captive to a British cable.
 Would you demand the glorious cause
 Whence Britain every trophy draws ?
 You need not puzzle long your wit ;—
 Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt. 40

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news, which Jackson's yearly Bard
 Each circling Christmas brings,—“The times are hard !”
 There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
 Trimm'd the laced jackets of the French Mounseers ;
 When every week produced some lucky hit,
 And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
 We Newsmen drank—as England's Heroes fought,
 While every victory procured—a pot.
 Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain ;
 At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain. 10
 Then ran in numbers free the Newsmen's verses,
 Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
 But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
 No more new conquests warm the Newsmen's nose.

¹ ‘La Clue :’ the French Admiral. — ² ‘Conflans :’ another French Admiral.

Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain, 15
 Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
 All hope is fled, our families are undone ;
 Provisions all are carried up to London ;
 Our copious granaries distillers thin,
 Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin. 20
 Th' effects of exportation still we rue ;—
 I wish th' exporters were exported too !
 In every Pot-house is unpaid our score ;
 And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more !

Yet still in store some happiness remains,
 Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
 Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
 George has declared—that we again shall eat.
 Sweet Wilhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
 Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride : 30
 She's gone ! but there's another in her stead,
 For of a Princess, Charlotte's brought to bed :—
 Oh, could I but have had one single sup,
 One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup !—
 I hear—God bless it !—'tis a charming girl,
 So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
 But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
 Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.
 Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
 And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-pie ! 40

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the Newsmen's annual rhymes
 Complain of taxes and the times ?
 Each year our Copies shall we make on
 The price of butter, bread, and bacon ?

Forbid it, all ye powers of verse ! 5
 A happier subject I rehearse.
 Farewell distress, and gloomy cares !
 A merrier theme my Muse prepares.
 For lo ! to save us, on a sudden,
 In shape of porter, beef, and pudding, 10
 Though late, Electioneering comes !—
 Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums !
 At length we change our wonted note,
 And feast, all winter, on a vote.
 Sure, canvassing was never hotter !
 But whether Harcourt,¹ Nares, or Cotter,
 At this grand crisis will succeed,
 We Freemen have not yet decreed.—
 Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
 To hear us talk of Member-making ! 20
 Yet know, that we direct the State ;
 On us depends the nation's fate.—
 What though some doctor's cast-off wig
 O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig ;
 My whole apparel in decay ;
 My beard unshaved—on New-year's Day ;
 In me behold (the land's Protector)
 A Freeman, Newsman, and Elector !
 Though cold, and all unshod, my toes ;—
 My breast for Britain's freedom glows :— 30
 Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
 It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.
 Meantime, howe'er improved our fate is
 By jovial cups, each evening, gratis ;
 Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
 The customs of the coming year :—

¹ 'Harcourt,' &c. : candidates for the city of Oxford.

In answer to this short Epistle, 37
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle !

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation ;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher Row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our *Journal* gives in prose :—
 “ Ye rural Squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week ; 10
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stored,
And old October, nutmegg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice !
Ye country Parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends !
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes ;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig. 20
Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
View not our verses with a frown !
But, in return for quick despatches,
Invite us to your buttery-hatches !
Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy ;
Pride of fair Oxford's gaudy streets,
You too our strain submissive greets !

Hear Horseman,¹ Spindlow, King, and Harper ! 29
 The weather sure was never sharper ;—
 Matron of matrons, Martha Baggs !
 Dram your poor Newsman clad in rags !
 Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
 The Nation's—and the Newsman's ruin ;—
 'Tis yours our sorrows to remove ;
 And if thus generous ye prove,
 For friends so good we're bound to pray
 Till—next returns a New-year's Day !
 Given at our melancholy cavern,
 The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern." 40

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain !
 New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
 Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
 What bright victorious scenes arise !
 What paragraphs of English glory
 Will Master Jackson set before ye !
 The Governor of Buenos Ayres
 Shall dearly pay for his vagaries ;
 For whether North, or whether Chatham,
 Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em : 10
 Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
 Ere long, will make the nation mellow :—
 Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
 Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne :
 Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
 The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,²

¹ 'Horseman,' &c. : keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.—² 'Patriot Squinter : ' Wilkes.

The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal, 17
 Shall crowd each column of our *Journal*.—

After a dreary season past,
 Our turn to live is come at last :
 Generals, and Admirals, and Jews,
 Contractors, Printers, Men of News,
 All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
 And leave the works of peace to blockheads.

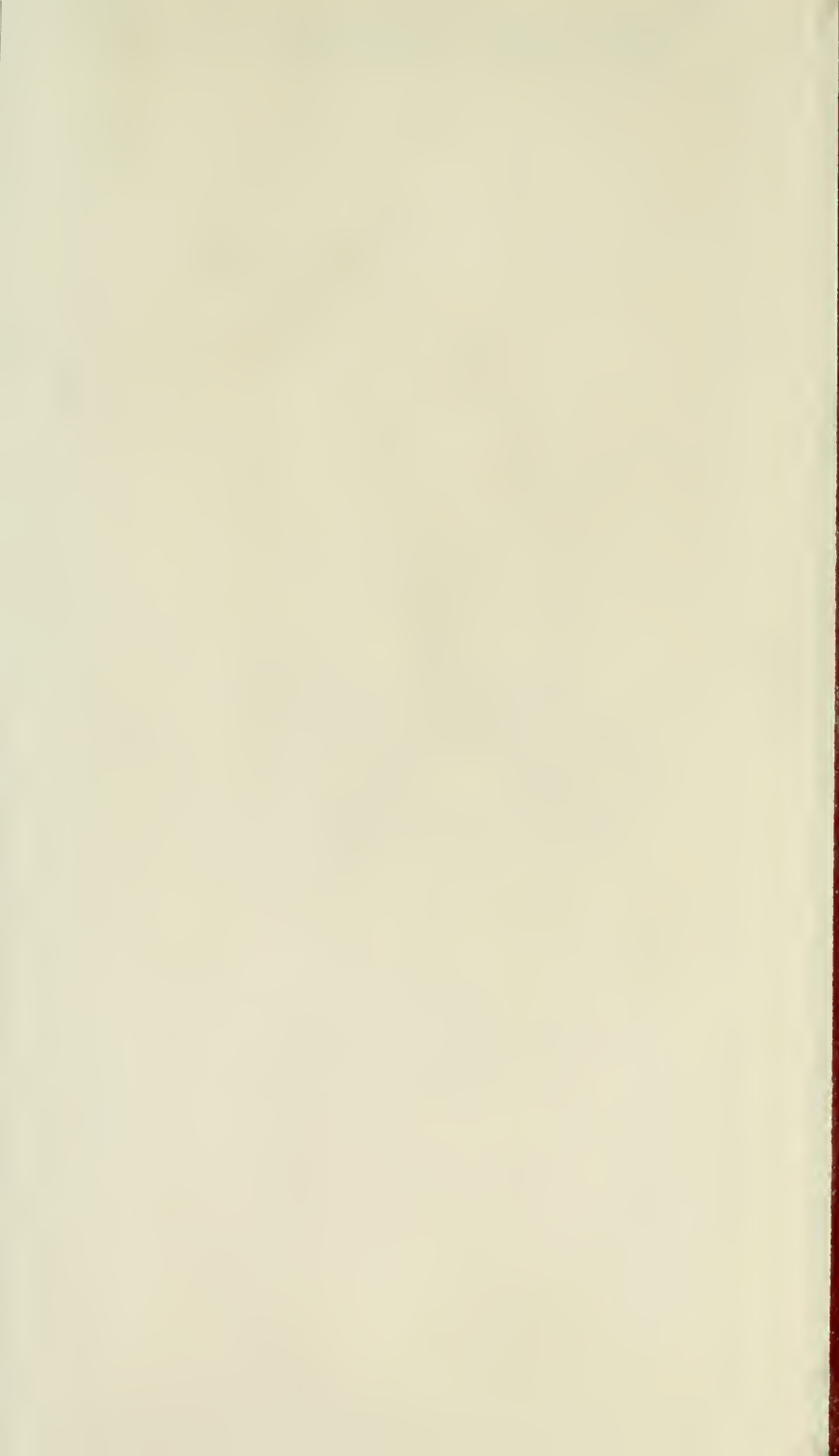
But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
 The war is not declared as yet :

And we, though now so blithe we sing,
 May all be press'd to serve the King !
 Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,
 Produce your hospitable cheer :—

30

While we, with much sincere delight
 (Whether we publish news—or fight),
 Like England's undegenerate sons,
 Will drink—Confusion to the Dons !

END OF T. WARTON'S POEMS.



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